A TALK WITH MY PUPILS.

BY

MRS. CHARLES SEDGWICK.

"FIRST THE BLADE, THEN THE EAR; AFTER THAT, THE FULL CORN IN THE EAR."

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TO

HENRIETTA B. HAINES,

MY BELOVED KINSWOMAN

AND REVERED FRIEND AND FELLOW-WORKER,

A LARGE PORTION OF WHOSE LIFE

HAS BEEN MOST

NOBLY AND SUCCESSFULLY DEVOTED

TO THE SAME CAUSE

WHICH THIS LITTLE BOOK IS INTENDED TO PROMOTE,

IT IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

When the British public, in recognition of Miss Nightingale's invaluable services in the Crimean hospitals, bestowed upon her a very large sum of money, she received various suggestions from one and another as to its disposal. "Some of my friends," this she wrote to one with whom she was intimate, "advise me to have a statue made of myself; what do you think of that? Another suggests that I should build a magnificent hospital. I shall probably devote it to the refitting and refurnishing of hospitals already in use."

I have no pretension to place myself in the same category with this noble woman. It is simply the fact of my feeling the same interest

in the young, which is inspired in her by the sick—that I would like to improve schools, as she would like to improve hospitals, that has suggested her name to me in this connection.

I have written this little book as a sort of *résumé* of oral lessons on various subjects given, from time to time, to my scholars—repeated here, of course, with large amplifications—desiring thus to perpetuate myself, not merely in their memories, but in their lives—mayhap, also, to some degree, in the lives of their descendants—and of making it more sure that the work in which I have been so long engaged, and which I am still zealously pursuing, may, in the Scripture sense, "follow me," when "I shall go hence to be here no more."

LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS,
Nov. 23*d*, 1862.

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A TALK WITH MY PUPILS.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE'S PREPARATORY PERIOD.

My Dear Children, as, in some sort, you seem to me.

During the long term of years in which I have held an intimate and most interesting relation with one after another of you, at an important period in your lives, I have been led to discuss with you, from time to time, many topics not found in our school-books, but having an important bearing upon human life and destiny. You will remember how often I have told you that education, directed to the intellect only, could do but a small, and that not the most important, part of its work; and that, whatever advance you might make in your studies, I should not feel pleased or satisfied unless I perceived a correspondent moral and religious progress. I have also taught you that the body, too, should be carefully educated; that its powers

should be *drawn forth*, and systematically strengthened by exercise; that God's commandments, written on man's physical nature — as that, for instance, which requires the constant use and activity of every organ, as the only means by which it may be fully developed, and kept in order for the fulfilment of its proper office—is as much the Creator's law, as binding, as authoritative, as those written upon the tables of stone on Mount Sinai. Indeed, the thunders and lightnings that attended the promulgation of the latter, significant of the dread effects that would ensue upon disobedience, might, with equal fitness, be regarded as emblematic of the horrible punishment and suffering that follow disregard and violation of the laws, imprinted also by the finger of God upon our bodily frame.

Those of you, who have adopted this creed, and practised it, will have eagerly improved every faculty—every power bestowed upon you by your Creator—and if so, you have had no room for idleness; none for the demon ennui. Alas! that beings endowed with an immortal nature, with faculties capable of infinite development, with senses to discern the glorious beauties of God's wonderful works, and with hearts capable of beating in unison with the great heart of humanity, should ever complain that life is tedious, and that time moves on leaden wings.

We are placed in a world where we are surrounded with objects fitted to give full and interesting employment to all those faculties, so that, if we study, and are active to the end of a long life, we find ever more and more to be learned and to be done; and the wisest, the most gifted, and the most industrious—those who accomplish most, and make the highest attainments, are ready to say with the great discoverer, Newton, that they have "gathered but a few pebbles on the shore of the great sea of knowledge."

God has made this, our earthly abode, wondrously fair. Forces underneath its beautifully varied surface are perpetually elaborating fair flowers, and a green carpet with up-springing trees to cover it, while the very vapors which rise from it are made into graceful tent-coverings, that shield us from the sun, and gorgeous adornments for the sky over our heads—all effected by laws, the study alone of which might serve for life-long occupation, without any attempt to penetrate into nature's profounder secrets. On every side of us are human beings, the brethren of Jesus, and pronounced by by him our brethren, who need society, aid, or counsel, sympathy or instruction, or all these together, and yet, strange to say, life with many is dull and objectless, or filled up with the "vanity of vanities." To many a young lady, the exhibition of a new dress at a party, and the distinction of

being a belle there, is the greatest interest in life; and the thoughts of many a married lady are all centred in her being the mistress of a fine establishment, or in making what the world calls "a great match" for her daughter, which, being interpreted, means one that will secure wealth and so-called position, irrespective of every thing essential to the promotion of the highest objects for which God established that sacred institution, marriage. Others, who have not the temptations of the gay world to encounter, are satisfied with a decent, respectable performance of a daily routine of homely duty. Far be it from me to under-value this; but I would have more life put into it, have it made compatible with something to enlarge its sphere, and to keep heart and mind and soul wide-awake. Our Saviour was sent to give sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, and to restore the halt and the lame to soundness and activity. Who so blind as they who do not discern the path of duty, who have no eye for the wonders of creation, none for the claims upon them of their fellow-men? Who so dumb as they whose lips have no utterance of praise to God, or sympathy for his sorrowing children—none of love, of wisdom, of counsel? Who so deaf as they who listen not to the voice of God that comes to them from his works and from his word—from his providence—from the depths of their own hearts,

and from all the experience of life, and on whose ear the cry of the suffering, the helpless, the ignorant, the wandering, the bewildered, the despairing, falls unheeded? Who so halt—so lame as they who lazily loiter on life's journey, with loins ungirded, never looking before them to the mark of the prize of the high calling of God, in Christ Jesus their Lord; whose feet never serve them in any errand undertaken in his cause?

After school-life, before marriage, which, because it is the usual God-appointed destiny of woman, I speak of, as in most instances, a matter of course, there commonly ensue some years, in regard to which, although they are devoted by many, without scruple, to idleness and frivolity, some are led to inquire, "How shall I spend this period of life; how make it useful, so that I can render my account of it with joy, and receive the blessed benediction, 'Well done'?" and I have sometimes been asked by conscientious girls to give them my advice upon this subject. In the next stage of life, marriage, a certain amount of duty and occupation becomes in the natural order of things imperative; whereas, now, it is voluntary, that is, not enforced by circumstances, so that there is no escape from it.

If some of you are among the inquirers, it would please me very much to be able to give you a satisfactory answer. A great mistake usu-

ally made at this period, is that of considering that one's education has been mainly completed; that although it may be worth while to give a little time to some study or other, yet there is no longer occasion for any systematic culture of the mind. This, however, should be pursued as much as possible, under all circumstances, and several hours every day of a young lady's life, should be devoted to it. Think how many powers, how many faculties belong to you, which should have distinct, and, if possible, regular, constant cultivation.

Whether the science of phrenology be regarded as true or not, there can be no objection to its convenient nomenclature. Veneration should be cultivated by the study of God in his works, and in his word, and by devotional exercises; ideality, by the observation and study of the beautiful in some of its infinitely varied forms; causation by some mathematical or scientific pursuit; comparison, by some thing that requires careful analysis; language by means too obvious to mention; tune, if you have it, by practice with the voice or upon an instrument; conscientiousness, by fidelity to every duty, by strict justice in judgment and in action, and by freedom from passion and prejudice in all the intercourse of life; benevolence, by the perpetual diffusion of kindness and love in the family circle, as well as in

society at large, and by frequent attempts to put the fingers which the Pharisees refused, to some burden of sorrow or difficulty. Of course, a proper time must be allotted also for the exercise of the muscular system, and for the performance of every social duty. Think you that a life so ordered would be either tedious or unprofitable?

God cannot bestow on his creatures powers of any sort, without stamping them with value in the very act of conferring them; without intending that they should be cultivated to the utmost. Whosoever, therefore, condemns their cultivation, makes himself, as man is constantly prone to do, wiser than God; whose purpose in man's creation is best fulfilled by those who aim at their most complete development. Besides the time necessary for this self-culture, one who loves knowledge can never find enough for reading. For a young person to grow up without a love of nature, and a love of books, is a greater calamity than to be born minus one of the senses; for then, the others are sure to be roused to increased activity.

One reason why the boundary of a woman's life is generally so limited, is, that she takes little or no part in the interests that are not comprised within her own immediate circle. Now that it is so easy to know what of greatest moment is going on in every part of the world, as well as in

our own hemisphere, and that in the great human family, events, discoveries, inventions, changes, experiments of the most interesting nature are of constant occurrence, while questions that have a most important bearing upon the great interests of society, are perpetually coming up for discussion, it is sheer stolid stupidity to live as if one little section of this little globe were our universe. I strongly advise you, therefore, to pursue a different course in this respect, and especially to acquaint yourselves with topics that are intimately connected with the welfare and progress of our own country.

CHAPTER II.

DAUGHTERS AND SISTERS.

When a young girl returns home from school, or when, not having been away, she ceases to be a school-girl, what are the new duties that devolve upon her? What must she bring to the common stock of materials out of which domestic life is wrought? This is a question that she should ask and seriously consider. The domestic relations have been established by God, both for our enjoyment and improvement. They are all beautiful, all, when their duties are properly fulfilled, calculated to quicken into ever newer and fresher life, the best feelings of our nature, and impart force and vigor to its highest tendencies. The most attractive image under which God can be presented to us, is that of a father; and Jesus, to show the nature of the blessed tie which binds him to the human family, calls himself our brother and friend.

Let me, first of all, guard you against an error which, I think, may be at the foundation of much domestic misery and disappointment. It is that

of supposing that parents and children, brothers and sisters, necessarily love each other, by virtue of the relation which nature has established between them. Whereas, although there is, or always should be, a certain dutiful feeling of obligation to adhere together, and discharge towards one another the duties of kindred, yet affection can be based only upon respect, and mutual sympathy and service. When I have seen a father of stern, arbitrary temper, hold over his family the heavy hand of an oppressor, ruling them with a rod of iron; when I have seen the selfish man unceasing in unreasonable exaction, acting always with a single eye to his own convenience, and his own preferences, and making every domestic arrangement solely with reference to his own purposes; both, apparently, receiving the compulsory devotion of their wives and children, as the homage of affection, I have felt disposed to ask, "And do you believe that these can really love you, who see that their happiness is as nothing to you in comparison with your own, and who cannot find in you any of those qualities to which love is responsive?" Such men might be shocked, perhaps, by having such a question put to them, and by being awakened out of their dream, that they were loved and respected as a matter of course, by right of being husbands and fathers. And so also, might women, not a small class, I

fear, discontented, peevish, unamiable, fault-finding wives and mothers, who are inattentive, indifferent to the comfort of their families, irritable towards their husbands, capricious with their children, and arrogant to their servants, without fear or suspicion that they shall not receive a full measure of affection and respect. And when I see brothers and sisters acting unworthily, self-seeking, heedless of one another's convenience or pleasure, jealous of one another, ill-tempered, etc., I say to myself, "Oh! what suffering must be endured, when those are bound together by ties of so intimate a nature, who have not oneness of heart." They who desire to be loved must first deserve to be so, in every relation.

Mrs. Kemble, the great revealer of Shakspeare, once said to me, that it was with Shakspeare as with the Bible, she never opened it without finding something new. And, in illustration, she quoted a line in Romeo and Juliet, which had that day particularly attracted her attention, in which Juliet calls Romeo, "lover, husband, friend," making the last epithet the culmination of all the rest. Now, the father must be also the *friend* of his children, the husband of his wife, the wife of her husband; the brothers and sisters, of one another. True friendship will refrain from everything that can injure or annoy its objects, and seek for every thing that can benefit them. That word

friend is a glorious old Saxon word. Do all you can to illustrate its meaning.

The relation of brother and sister is, in some sort, a preparation for that of husband and wife. So educate your sons that they shall be to their sisters the type of what a husband ought to be; and so educate your daughters that their brothers shall be made incapable, through association with them, of uniting themselves with the inferior and the unworthy of their sex. If sisters are what they should be, they will inspire in their brothers a true, chivalric spirit, and this will have its proper natural training, in its exercise towards them. Let sisters have that in them which is so noble as to be revered, so attractive as to be lovingly and tenderly cherished, so sacred as to be worthy of all self-sacrifice in its protection and defense, then will the young men have already watched their armor in the sacred enclosure of home, and consecrated it to the cause of honor, truth, and right, before going forth into life's battle-field.

To return to my emancipated school-girl. She must bring with her, first, a conviction that home is a sphere of duty. If necessary, she must cheerfully give the aid of her hands in some of its arrangements. She must be glad of every opportunity, small as well as great, to render assistance in any way to her father or mother, in acknowl-

edgment of her great debt to them, rejoicing that she is permitted "still paying, still to owe." If she has younger brothers and sisters, she must make herself acceptable and agreeable to them, by sweetness and patience in her intercourse with them, by sympathy in all their pursuits and enjoyments, avoiding always, unless left by her parents in charge of them, the assertion of authority, which, when assumed by an elder sister, is apt to awaken strong resistance, inspired by the feeling that animated a little boy I knew, who, when about three years old, replied indignantly to an aunt that said, "If you do so and so, I shall certainly punish you," "You a'nt the one that must."

If it be true, that little things make up the sum of human life and happiness, this may be especially affirmed of domestic life. As a small speck in the eye may deprive it of vision, and make it the medium exclusively of a sensation of pain; as a pinching shoe or an ill-fitting garment may produce an abiding sense of discomfort, not in the least degree modified by the fact that, in other respects, the dress is all right; so, little faults in ourselves may give great annoyance to those with whom we are in intimate association.

Punctuality has been called one of the minor virtues. If its place in the scale were decided by its important bearing upon all the arrange-

ments of life, it might attain majority. The unpunctual are perpetual thieves of other men's time. This alone, is sufficient to stamp them with reprobation. A want of punctuality is one of the many forms of selfishness, the root of all evil. If your father is a man who counts much upon the pleasure of having all his family with him at his meals, you may, by your dilatoriness, quite spoil them for him, any proof of a child's indifference being a poor appetizer. Nor is it merely with the enjoyment of his meal that you may interfere, but with its digestion; since the most material functions of our material bodies, are greatly assisted, or greatly hindered, by moral agencies.

The unpunctual man is apt to think that the greatest evil he occasions, by his special infirmity, is temporary inconvenience or disappointment. But this is not so. If one of his delays should disturb only the arrangements for one day of a single person, he may congratulate himself. Order is Heaven's first law; and the second, regular routine, is like unto it. If the earth and the moon were to loiter in their course, and accomplish their revolutions at uncertain times, and in uncertain periods, everything here would be out of joint. And so is everything put out of joint that is in the sphere of duty and occupation of the procrastinator. If the duty that belongs to one hour be

deferred to another, they seem subjected to a process that merges one in another, until all are reduced to a single vanishing point, and leave no record behind them. What bitter disappointment and what serious annoyance and loss, may come from a letter a little too late for the mail—a bill paid after the promised time—an appointment not kept—a commission deferred! Note for yourselves, and think on these things.

Punctuality is essential to another virtue—reliableness. Do all that you promise to do, and all that you are rightfully required and expected to do, as certainly, so far as it depends upon yourself, as the sun rises and sets, so that the hearts of all with whom you are in any way connected, may "safely trust" in you. Then you will become "pillars of support" in the family and in society, instead of broken reeds. The comfort and satisfaction of dealing with the truly reliable is immense; as, of course, also is the misery of all intercourse with the unreliable. Go, when you say you will go; come, when you say you will come; do this and that, when you say you will do it, even if it be a little thing, without being deterred by any but insuperable obstacles. Some of you will remember how once, when a party from a neighboring village had engaged to pass the evening with me, and sent a messenger at noon to say that the bad state of the roads must prevent their coming, we all went

down in the large sleigh to tell them, at their own doors, how sorry we were, also.

Some people, who would not break any important promise, have little or no conscience in regard to small promises. I advise you to cultivate in yourselves, and in your children after you, the obligation of these especially; for, as in the case of pounds and pence, if the latter are cared for, the others will take care of themselves.

Nor is the manifestation of this reliableness to be confined to action; it must belong as well to moods and phases of feeling, and is opposed to caprice and inconstancy of every sort. Let those who have a natural claim to dependence of some sort or other upon you, and those to whom, by preference of friendship or offers of service, you have given a claim, never be disappointed in their reasonable expectations. The complaint "I never know where to find him," so often heard in society, is applicable, unfortunately, to a large class, with whom is such variableness, that, whether you shall meet frowns or smiles from them; whether you shall receive a cordial shake of the hand, or have a cold shoulder turned towards you—whether, if your character is attacked, they will defend you, or seem, by their silence, to acquiesce in the condemnation—is all matter of uncertainty. There is no real friend, that is not a steadfast friend, that cannot be relied upon for friendly regard and con-

sideration, under all circumstances. And he is not a good neighbor, or desirable acquaintance, who gives testimonies of good-will one day, which, for no obvious reason, he entirely withholds on the next. Have as little to do with such people as possible, and "be ye not, therefore, like unto them."

Daughters and sisters should be like flowers and sunshine in a house. They have not yet, in ordinary circumstances, grave responsibilities, nor onerous duties. They have a right to be, to a certain extent, ornamental; and their light-heartedness should diffuse cheerfulness and joy throughout the whole house. They should try, also, to make it attractive by all sorts of tasteful arrangements and simple decorations—such as may be gathered from gardens and the woods. Their voices should be as the sound of music, and their presence full of all "sweet influences," like the seven sisters of the heavens. They should watch for occasions of giving pleasure in a thousand little ways, by unlooked-for tokens of love and remembrance, or by agreeable surprises.

Why do little gifts and offerings of slight value in themselves, often impart so much pleasure, but because they betoken remembrance and consideration; and what can better show how subtle and wonder-working is the power of association, by which importance and dignity are imparted to the

homeliest thing, on account of what it is made to signify, than that even by providing a favorite dish we may touch the heart of one we love. Thus, love spiritualizes life even through material agencies, when it is its moving principle. The regular observance of birthdays may become a mere form; but when the record is evidently kept—not in the almanac, but on the tablets of the heart—and an offering, however simple, is presented in proof of its accuracy, it awakens a sentiment that becomes a source of new inspiration, new strength, and new joy; and the birthday is made to foreshadow that which shall introduce the soul into the sphere of immortal life. This reminds me to tell you of the beautiful manner in which a man whom I know, observes the birthday of a living friend, and of one who is no longer here. When that of the former occurs, he has a bountiful, excellent entertainment provided for the poor women of a large institution in the city of his residence; and on the occasion of the other, he furnishes the nearest friends of the departed one with gifts, to present to any whom they may like so to remember on "Willy's" birthday.

Many persons are naturally kindhearted, who have not been made, by education, thoughtful and considerate of others. They would do a great deal more for their fellow-beings, especially in little ways, if it only occurred to them to use their op-

portunities—cultivate a habit of consideration. Let those with whom you are intimately associated, see that you bear ever in your mind their peculiar tastes and preferences, and like to gratify them; while you avoid, as much as possible, what is displeasing to them. There is a certain quiet, noiseless recognition of those rights of another, which the heart loves to acknowledge, that is expressed by symbols—is manifested by deeds, not words. There are voiceless utterances throughout a dwelling from morning until night, which make an inscription on its walls, "wanting" or "not wanting." You find among its members one, perhaps, who claims nothing for herself, yet never waits to be asked what others want, and makes all conscious of a presence as loving and kindly to them as the sun and dew to the flower; and another, isolated, self-absorbed, cold, and repulsive, a link fallen out of the chain of humanity and brotherhood. Which would you most like to resemble? Nor will such an one as my model confine her sweet charities to the home circle. She will not forget how the weary eyes of the lonely sick girl may be lightened by the sight of fresh flowers, while her heart is cheered by the odor of remembrance that breathes from them; how the poor mother, exhausted with nursing her sick family, may be refreshed by a drive; how the loan of a book may benefit and delight the seamstress at the end of her day's work.

Sons are no longer needed, as in the olden time, "to speak with the enemy in the gates," but it is the more especial office of daughters, I think, to receive and welcome the guests and friends of the house, and assist in their entertainment. They cannot be too early inspired with the spirit, or trained to the practice of true hospitality. They should demean themselves courteously to all, and do whatever in them lies, to please them and make them happy. Whomsoever their father or mother choose to invite or admit to the house, must, on that account, if on that alone, be made welcome by them. Much has been said of the difficulty of speaking and practising the truth in the ordinary intercourse of society, without violating courtesy; and I admit that it is very hard to avoid saying sometimes, "I am glad to see you," etc., when such is not the case; but, as the simple practice of the golden rule would produce a sort of communism, answering a thousand times better than any system devised by Fourier, or attempted to be carried out by some American enthusiast, to level the inequalities of society, and give all men a fair chance for happiness and improvement; so a truly Christian good-will to our fellow-men, would make us glad to meet them for their own sakes, if not for ours; and enable us to say truly, under the consciousness of being able to give them pleasure, that which otherwise would not be true.

It may be that some of you will have a step mother; if so, take care that you do not, by your own misconduct, help to make the relation, what it is very commonly supposed to be, one productive only of misery. To fulfill it well, requires, on the part of the mother, the exercise of high principle and great wisdom, a union not very often found, and, for that reason, and that only, I presume, "*Novercæ terribiles*" have been the terror of motherless children. A great deal of mischief is often done beforehand by servants, and officious acquaintance, instilling into the minds of such, the idea that "father has no business to marry again," and that whomsoever he may put in the place of their mother, will be their enemy; thus doing much to create the evil they predict.

Question not your father's right to do what he pleases in the matter. Nothing but a solemn vow never to marry yourself and leave him, would give you a claim even to remonstrate with him. If you truly love him, you will be kind and friendly to her whom he makes his wife, for his sake; and the right performance of your own duty in the new relation will be essential to its true and proper character.

I have known step-mothers who were more faithful to their step-children, in every way, than many mothers to their own children, because more capable and more conscientious. I have known a

young man of obstinate temper, who had been found unmanageable at school and at home, completely subdued and won by the gentle firmness and kind devotion of a step-mother. I have known a step-mother whose husband's income was small, and who could allow herself but one servant, refuse to avail herself of the aid of his daughters in the family, because she thought they should have all their time for school, and encourage their father to send them to the best he could possibly afford. I have known a young man who, when he wanted any favors of his father, would request his step-mother to intercede for him—and I have seen a step-mother's eyes fill with tears at the praises of her step-daughter. Properly fulfilled, it becomes a beautiful relation, all the more beautiful from its inherent delicacy and difficulty.

CHAPTER III.

RELATIONS WITH THE POOR AND FRIENDLESS.

As this is the period when, if at all, perhaps, your relations with the poor and the suffering will be established, some remarks upon the kind of intercourse with this large class of our fellow-beings, most likely to profit both them and yourselves, will not be out of place here.

Jesus says: "All mankind are brethren." Do we so regard them? If true disciples of Jesus, we must do so; and yet, I think that many deceive themselves, using the phrase, while its spirit escapes from them. A lady with whom I once met in travelling, told me of the great indebtedness she felt to Doctor Channing for some ideas derived from him, on the subject of Christian intercourse with the poor. She said she had learned from him to go among them, as their friend and equal, in Burns' phrase, as "their poor earth-born companion and fellow-mortal;" and that, therefore, not only her satisfaction in aiding them, but her usefulness, had been greatly increased; for she found herself achieving more by the manifestation of a real sym-

pathy with them, than she had ever done by any relief afforded to their material wants. "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee.' Every human being has that to give which is better than either, and a great deal more acceptable. This lady was an Episcopalian; and so deep was her feeling of gratitude and reverence for Doctor Channing, that, upon finding a notice of him after his death, in her Episcopalian newspaper, derogatory to his claim of being regarded as a Christian, she immediately discontinued it.

Our Saviour says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden," and the life of every true disciple should breathe the same invitation, so that the poor and suffering should come to him as freely as they came to his Master. I have known one or two eminent instances where this was the case, but I fear they are comparatively rare. Some have the good-will, but not the tact, perhaps, so to meet their fellow-creatures; and lament all their lives, a certain inaptitude, whether of temperament or something else, which prevents them; but, generally, the defect is want of will.

"Do you know," said a young friend of mine, "what an adoration my black cook has for uncle C.?"

"No; does she know him?"

"She hardly knows him at all, but if she hears that he is in the house, she is very happy; and if

he passes through the kitchen, and speaks to her, she is perfectly enchanted."

"And what is the explanation of this?"

"Simply that once when she had passed a night in his house, with a servant of his, and was coming away before breakfast, he saw her getting into the stage at the door, and said: 'What! going away without breakfast! That will never do;' and, running into the house, brought her a cup of coffee."

This is a very slight incident, but see how significant it is, and touching too. If similar recognitions of human brotherhood were not so rare, the heart of that poor woman would not have been so deeply moved. Acts of this nature marked every day and hour of this uncle's life. A young lady, when she saw him running out, in a cold winter's day, to insist upon lending a great coat to a worthless man passing by, who had set off without one, on a cold winter's drive, said of him, "I never saw such a man; I never heard of such a man, and I never read of such a man." When he died, his humble friends, in "all the region round about," came flocking to the chamber of death, as if to a place they had a right to visit, and wrung their hands, and wept over him. Several of them afterwards received some little gifts in memory of him, with tears streaming down their faces. One of them, an Irishman, said,

"I have lost the best friend I ever had, and he always trated me just the same as if I was a jintleman."

What else is meant by giving a cup of cold water in the name of the Lord, *than* offering it in a true spirit of Christian love and kindness. "Inasmuch as ye have done it," etc. Those are wonderful words, and should be carefully weighed; for they apply as well to acts of oppression, injustice, cruelty, unkindness, as to those of an opposite character. "Ye have done it unto me!" What an intimate union does this imply between the Saviour and those to whom he was sent. What ineffable love and sympathy and tenderness on his part, for all—even the lowest and most degraded! How dare we grieve Him on their account? How can we afford to forego the blessedness of doing unto Him, by doing for them, and for all with whom we have intercourse of any sort, what He will approve?

I once heard a sermon from the text, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and said to myself, surely no invention of man's seeking can here be made to supersede, as so often is done, the simple meaning of Christ's beautiful precept. But the clergyman, after dwelling slightly upon the duty of being merciful in the ordinary acceptation of the word, proceeded to exhort his hearers not to forget, in their care for men's

bodies, the greater and more important needs of their souls; and devoted himself, almost exclusively, to an inculcation of the duty of praying for them, and laboring with them for their salvation. In every community are found not a few, I fear, both of the self-righteous and niggardly; and I could not but imagine some of the congregation praying afterwards complacently and fervently for their fellow-men, or exhorting them, earnestly, to "flee from the wrath to come," for the smallest of whose wants they would never have an open hand. What can so well persuade men to righteousness as the exhibition of a truly Christian life, ordered after our Saviour's example? It was said by a young man who knew the "uncle," already spoken of, "There was a period when I turned skeptical, and lost all my religious faith. But I became acquainted with him, and his life was such a gospel, that I was reclaimed by it."

In all our ministrations, of every sort, we should regard ourselves as God's agents, and cultivate a habit of deep and profound gratitude to him for every opportunity of making a fellow-creature better or happier—for the privilege of being appointed by him to confer a benefit of any kind, or in any form. This beautiful petition occurs in a prayer found after his death among the papers of the uncle; "May we consider every opportunity of adding to the happiness of any creature as a mer-

ciful provision for our own, if we will rightly improve it."

I speak in this chapter of our relations with the poor, as they are found in ordinary life. Without any departure from ordinary routine and custom, one who is alert in doing good will have no lack of opportunity; whereas, for the want of this alertness, favorable occasions often pass unimproved, perhaps unperceived.

A friend of mine, whose genuine love for his fellow-beings keeps his eye wide awake to their interests, under all circumstances, was holding a court in Boston, when a little boy, with a fine, open countenance, was brought before him on the charge of stealing a breast-pin. A gentleman was in attendance—a good Samaritan—whose regular occupation it was to hang about the criminal courts for the very purpose of befriending the accused, and preventing the wrong and suffering that may come, even to the innocent, from the want of a "friend in need." The judge begged him to talk with the boy, and find out his story. He represented himself as from Scotland, sent here by his uncles to place him beyond the reach of a cruel step-mother. He said that he had recently arrived in the country, and was staying at a boarding-house, before he was put in prison. "Did you steal the breast-pin?" it was asked. "Yes, sir; I suppose it is called stealing." "Tell me

how it was." "There was another boy at the boarding-house; he took my handkerchief, and would not let me have it again, so I took his pin." The judge afterwards talked himself with the little boy, and said to him, "If we can find you a good home, where you can learn to work and support yourself, would you like to have it?" "Yes, sir." "Is there any one you know whom you would like to live with?" "Yes, sir." "Who is it?" "You, sir." The judge would gladly have taken the little friendless boy under his own charge, but there were obstacles in the way which he could not surmount. He availed himself, however, of certain discretionary powers, and engaged the good Samaritan to look out a place for him. He was fortunate in his search, and after the little boy had been some time in his new home, there came a most satisfactory report of him from his employer. "He was the best little boy that ever was; nothing would induce him to part with him." This is a case in point to show how much wrong, as well as injury, is often done by criminal prosecutions. If the judge had been intent only upon using his prerogative; had he been a man without ready sympathies; this little boy would probably have been confined in a prison long enough to have his character for ever ruined.

I shall speak in another chapter on this subject, in connection with servants; but, in the mean time,

will suggest here the great wickedness of criminal procedures against the young, the ignorant, the friendless, the needy, unless for very flagrant offenses. A disposition to theft, for instance, even where no great temptation to it exists, seems to be lodged sometimes in the very fingers' ends. I know at this moment two gentlemen, of great uprightness of character, who, when lads, were each guilty of this sin, at least once. Had they been poor boys, they would, in all probability, have been subjected to legal penalty. Many years ago, in a certain town in Massachusetts, a young lad apprenticed to a watch-maker, who had always borne a good character, was found to have taken from the case three pairs of spectacles. This singular selection of articles might have given his master pause—his previous good character certainly should have constituted some ground for hesitation on his part; but no, he had him instantly taken up, as a thief, although he was "the only son of his mother, and she a widow." The poor woman, of course, was nearly broken-hearted. He was tried and condemned. Before the term of his imprisonment expired, a disease of the brain, of which probably the theft was the early symptom, developed itself, and he became idiotic, and died.

A few gifted people are able to do good on an almost gigantic scale. There has been one Howard, one Isaac T. Hopper, one Florence Nightingale, one

Dorothy Dix. It would be well if single men and single women of leisure and wealth, or leisure with sufficient means of living, should swell the class to which these belong. I could speak, if I felt at liberty to do so, of one instance, at least, where the same spirit by which it is animated, dwelling in the breast of a noble woman, has inspired and enabled her to maintain the three-fold character of a capital housekeeper, a devoted wife and mother, and a most efficient philanthropist. I will only say, that one day of every week has been devoted by her to visiting the Tombs; and that it rarely happens, when I have the privilege of stopping a few days at her house, that I do not hear of a visit, or a letter, as a token of grateful acknowledgment, received from some person rescued by her, perhaps years before, from misery and destruction.

There are, in her house, several little clocks, my inquiries about which elicited the following story: Mrs. —— saw one day, at the Tombs, a poor woman who had been found in the streets unable to give any account of herself, and taken up as a vagrant. She applied the golden key which Providence put into her hand, far better than a "silver spoon in her mouth," to open the hearts and minds of his suffering people to this "Comforter," appointed and sent by him, and learned the following story. The supposed vagrant had been brought to New York by a worthless husband, and

placed in a boarding-house, where he remained with her some little time, and then deserted her, leaving her no means of living whatever, and taking away all her clothes except those she wore. She was a perfect stranger in the city. When the people at whose house she lodged, discovered that she had no money, they turned her into the street. The poor woman seems to have been stunned, at first, by this accumulation of misery, and had not recovered from this state when she was first taken up. The comforter had her removed to a proper place of refuge, found employment for her, and put her in the way of supporting herself. At the end of a year, she returned to a village in Connecticut, from which she had come. Meanwhile, news came of the death of her husband, and she subsequently married the clock-maker, whose gratitude in her behalf was manifested in the way I have spoken of. This was a case of great misfortune only. Generally, those whom the comforter rescues from perdition, are sufferers from their own misconduct.

I was sitting, one evening, in her house when some wedding-cards were brought in, the sight of which evidently produced a very agreeable excitement. Presently, in explanation, she told me the story of the young man who had sent them, to whom, for convenience, I shall give a name —"Joseph Sharpe." In one of her semi-weekly visits to the Tombs, while going her round there,

she was attracted by the countenance of this youth, and asked him to tell her his story. He said that he had been for two or three years clerk to a merchant in the city, during which time he had borne a good character for honesty; but, afterwards, having fallen into bad company, he had been induced to steal money from his employer, for which offense he was now imprisoned. She promised, if she found his story true, to intercede with his employer and the proper authorities for his release, and endeavor to put him again in the way of earning an honest support. A clergyman from some country village, accidentally present, and equally interested with herself in the young man's appearance, said to her, "Madam, I will give you my address, and, if you succeed in this work of mercy, I shall be glad to render you any aid in my power in Joseph's behalf." She found his story true, obtained his release, and wrote to the clergyman an account of her success. He responded immediately, offering to give him a home and instruction, for some services to be rendered by him, during the winter. His pecuniary means were small, and this was all he could do, but it proved a great deal. A home for a culprit is difficult to procure, even in a so-called Christian land, whose inhabitants regard themselves as disciples of the Master who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

In the spring, the clergyman procured a situation for Joseph in a country store. He was found capable and faithful, advanced steadily to better and better preferment, and became a prosperous, respected man, until at length came the wedding-cards, telling of a happy marriage. A volume might be filled with incidents of a similar character, that will make up the "book of record" of this comforter's life.

It is much easier to give money to the poor than *time* and sympathy; for, in the moral, as in the material world, what is most valuable costs most, and abounds least. Few who have any thought at all on the subject of moral duty, can fail to adopt some rule as to the amount of money it is proper for them to bestow in charities. I have been told of a farmer who, on beginning married life, decided, with his wife's concurrence, to adopt the old Jewish rule, and give the tithe of his income "to the service of the Lord." This they have always done, and are still doing. The blessing of the Lord has seemed to be upon them, and everything has prospered in their hands.

A young woman whom I know, lays aside a certain proportion of the allowance her father makes her for her personal expenses, to be used for the poor; and no pressure, no exigency, will ever induce her to appropriate any portion of it to herself. She seems to regard it as not her own, and

in using it for herself, would almost feel as if she had committed a theft.

This, I think, is an excellent practice; for, while it insures the performance of a high duty, it cultivates economy and self-denial All young persons should make some rule for themselves on this subject.

Human nature is so imperfect, that our very virtues may become temptations. In what other words could our Saviour have so impressively conveyed his sense of the danger of a self-righteous benevolence, or have guarded us more carefully against it, than by the injunction, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth."

Since I wrote this chapter, an instance of most pitiful dealing with a poor, honest, hard-working laundress, on the part of a wealthy woman from one of our cities, has come to my knowledge, and reminded me that I have forgotten one topic which it should have included. This woman attempted, deliberately, to defraud her employée of half the sum due to her—the whole being only a few dollars—and would have done so, but for the interference of "a friend in need," belonging to a family whose position gives them influence.

Instances of very hard dealing with the working poor, I fear, are not very uncommon. I have

often known them, and they are not unfrequently committed on the part of those whose wealth is their distinction, and who are proud of living in the Fifth Avenues of our cities. What right-minded person would accept the fullest, richest purse, accompanied with such meanness of heart, and leanness of soul? What impoverishment of all that makes existence worth having, does a disposition so niggardly imply? Listen, O ye who "grind the faces of the poor," to those words of everlasting utterance—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." There is denunciation of this crime all through Holy Writ. I have sometimes thought that there is hardly any other I would not as soon dare commit. Judas betrayed his Master for a few paltry pieces of silver; and whoso, calling himself a Christian, defrauds the poor of their rightful earnings, repeats the crime of Judas. I beseech you, deal not only justly, but generously, with the class whose cause I am pleading. Their lot is often a very hard one; the contrast between their condition and yours so great, that the absence of envy and discontent on their part implies great merit; and yet, as a class, they are patient, gentle, and more kind and generous in giving their sympathy, and sharing their scanty means with those in greater need than themselves, than they who are "well to do" in the world.

Compare, as to nobleness of soul, the two women of whom I have spoken. The laundress can get employment only a few months in the pleasant part of the year; her husband is intemperate, and does little or nothing for the support of his family. During the past winter she asked a lady, who befriends her, to advance her money for the purchase of a barrel of flour. All the washing she could get amounted only to fifty cents a week. She had laid up no stores for the winter but a few bushels of potatoes; yet every time her earnings had amounted to a dollar, she regularly brought the dollar to pay for the flour. "But how can you spare it?" was often asked; "how do you live?" "Oh, I get along," was the reply, as her eyes filled with tears. This I call a noble woman, worthy to look down upon, and compassionate her who would have done her wrong, although occupying, according to the world's estimate, an elevated position.

CHAPTER IV.

RELATIONS WITH SERVANTS.

In connection with our relations with the poor, it may not be out of place to speak of those which we should hold to servants. As young ladies, you may have some responsibilities in regard to them—as married women, you must have some of them in your care and keeping, on whom you, in your turn, will be dependent for very important services to yourself. Here, again, as in every other department of human life, a mode of proceeding based upon truly Christian principles is the only right, and, therefore, the only successful mode. Let those who serve you see that you take a real, friendly interest in them, as your fellow-creatures, as belonging to the great human family, whom Christ came into the world to redeem from sin and suffering; that you care for their comfort; that you are sorry for their trials and misfortunes, their pains and their sicknesses; that you are willing, in all emergencies, to aid them with your counsel; in short, that they are embraced within the circle of your sympathies, instead of being regarded

as mere soulless machines, contrived for your benefit, which have no sensitiveness, and can bear any amount of hard usage and indifference. Be patient with their failings, their infirmities, their shortcomings. Is it not often true that we demand a more thorough performance of duty from our servants than from ourselves; and that we blame them for faults occasionally committed, that we are ourselves habitually guilty of? For instance, I have known one whose besetting sin it was to forget, all the day through, things that ought to be remembered, bring tears to the eyes of a sensitive girl, in waiting at dinner, by a stern reproof administered because, when he came to it later than the rest of the family, she forgot to put a hot plate before him. If there were a being in the world so free from infirmity, so secure against any shortcoming in duty, that his conduct never called for the exercise of patience and forbearance on the part of others, such an one perhaps would have a right to demand a perfect performance of it to himself from all connected with him; but he would be the last to do so, and would be far more tolerant of human infirmity wherever found, than those who are all the time exhibiting it in their own persons.

Much that is trying in servants often proceeds from mere narrow-mindedness; they can see only as those see who walk in a dark night with a lan-

tern, which throws the light a short distance straight before them, so that they are quite blind to any thing bearing on their course that should induce them to alter it. In such cases you must condescend, if condescension it be, to reason with them, and endeavor to enlighten them.

Being generally children in knowledge, they should be treated, in some respects, as we treat children—much of whose wrong-doing comes from thoughtlessness, and confused indefinite perceptions of right and wrong. We make allowance for the sick, the lame, and the blind, forbearing to require from them that for which their peculiar condition unfits them. We should make equal allowance for moral and intellectual infirmities, and, therefore, not expect a proper use of reason in one who has never been led to use her reasoning powers—habitual self-control in one never trained in the proper government of her temper—nor broad and comprehensive views of duty in those who are necessarily narrow-minded through a want of that enlargement, which can come only from education. I had in my service many years an excellent woman, so perfectly faithful and reliable, so unfailing in her routine of duties, that she perpetually reminded me of the following stanza in a hymn which I learned when I was a little child:

"So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day,
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way."

Yet her extreme narrowness of mind, showing itself in a great jealousy of the slightest addition to her regular work, as well as in other ways, abated considerably, not from her value, but from my enjoyment of her. It really prevented the proper expansion of her heart, which was a very good heart. She had a peevish disposition, and although habitually her manners were very respectful, this peevishness occasionally, though rarely, would be indulged to impertinence.

On such occasions it was my habit to wait until she had returned to better temper, sometimes until the following day, and then set the matter quietly before her in its true light, as thus:

"Bridget how could you speak to me in that way?"

"Oh, it is just my way sometimes, Mrs. S."

"But it should not be your way; you know I am never otherwise than courteous and considerate in my manners to you; and, besides, your own self-respect should prevent your ever speaking thus to any one."

"Well, ma'am, I'm very sorry!"

Meanwhile, her eyes would fill with tears, and many months would pass without any repetition of the same offence.

Such a course of treatment is almost sure to bring back an offender to a right state of feeling, and yet I know that it is not unfrequently thought

right and best, even by conscientious women, to dismiss a servant abruptly, who offends in so serious a manner. One clause of the Lord's Prayer always occurs to me, when such occasions of duty arise; "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." If our Heavenly Father were to deal with us summarily, what disaster and destruction would come upon us! Sometimes occasions occur when apology is due from the mistress. Is it ever made? Yes, I knew *one* instance, which I have never forgotten. A relative of mine, a woman of excellent and truly religious character, had also some infirmities of temper. One day she administered a harsh, severe reproof to her cook, a member, I think, of the same church as herself, which, as she afterwards discovered or remembered, was quite undeserved. The next day she confessed her fault, and asked forgiveness. The good servant's eyes filled with tears as she said: "This makes me think of what my minister told us, that in Heaven there will be no ladies and gentlemen, but all will be brethren!"

A harsh, abrupt, unkind treatment of servants is often the result of bad temper on the part of the employers, unchecked by Christian principle; and sometimes, strange and painful to say, it is deliberately adopted and practised, chiefly, however, by the vulgar rich, denominated "parvenues," under the idea that it is a mark and badge of high

estate; whereas, it belongs to pure, unmitigated snobbishness. No person of real refinement, will indulge in coarseness of any sort. She will be deterred by self-respect, if not by consideration to others.

Servants, and the class to which they belong, have often nice discrimination in character and manners. They distinguish between what is false, and what is genuine—what is real, and what pretended—what is vulgar, and what refined. In order that they may render you faithful and willing service, you must secure, first of all, their respect, by your character, and their affection, by kind and friendly treatment. You must manifest, in your dealings with them, the justice, the truth, the good temper, the fidelity to principle, which you wish them to practice towards you ; and show yourselves as much devoted to their interests, as you wish they should be to yours. When, in spite of all your efforts, they are wayward or unfaithful, bear with them as patiently as possible, remembering the condition on which we are permitted to ask forgiveness of God for our transgressions; and remembering, too, how much better we ought to be than they, on account of our greater advantages.

Every house has its atmosphere, favorable or unfavorable to the growth of the "fruits of the spirit," love, joy, peace, etc., and the same is true of each member of the family—and it is the resort

of good spirits or evil spirits, according to the nature of this atmosphere. I have seen a stout, capable, energetic girl, of a temper very strong, and a little defiant, kept spell-bound, as it were, by the magic of the soft silvery voice, and the quiet, sweet ways of a mistress who, nevertheless, required, in her gentle manner, a very strict and thorough performance of duty on her part. A girl who lived a long time in the service of "the uncle" remarked, years afterwards, "Norah and I used to say, that always after he had passed through the kitchen, and spoken to us, we could do our work a great deal better, and it did not tire us at all."

That "a low voice is an excellent thing in woman" is not among the least of the wise utterances of the great poet-philosopher. It is related of Miss Dix that, in one of the many prisons whose doors she has unbarred, like an angel, for the deliverance of the wretched insane confined in them, a maniac was of so dangerous a character that, although he was strongly fettered, she was warned not to go very near him. She sat down at a little distance from him, and while he was screaming, as was his wont all the day long, she began to read, in a low voice, some portions of Scripture. He stopped, listened, and, when she ceased, said, "Read me some more; it does me good!" The low sweet voice, however, to be effective, must be natural—the genuine music of the heart.

One source of injustice towards servants, and consequent disagreement with them, is the failure to recognize in them certain feelings and certain wants, corresponding with our own.

They, as well as we, have need of some freedom, some variety, some gratification of their social nature. It is therefore wrong and unreasonable to keep them always at their post, and debar them from intercourse with their friends and acquaintances—though this, of course, must be restrained within reasonable limits. I hope it is no longer necessary, at the present day, to insist upon proper provision for their personal comfort, in well-ventilated, well-appointed bedrooms, convenient kitchens, and every facility for rendering work easier and lighter.

That mistress ought to rank herself with the heathen, who scrimps her servants in space, air, light, food, water, or warmth; and consider herself a robber, if she withholds from them, on any pretext whatever, their honest wages.

One important topic still occurs to me, in connection with servants, viz., the treatment of those who are detected in crime. I beseech you, commit not yourselves the greater crime—whatever theirs may be—of bringing them to public justice for any first offence, or for any offence of small magnitude. This seems to me a sin at which hell itself might cry out, although it is one of frequent

occurrence. Among the educated classes, and under circumstances where no temptation exists for gaining by theft what cannot be had by other means, the propensity to that vice is often seen, not in children merely, but even in adults—seen, and overlooked. And yet, the habitual custom of society is to visit upon mere children, ignorant and poverty-stricken; or upon servants, upon whom temptation comes as an armed man to make them his victim, the smallest dereliction from honesty, with the utmost severity that the law will permit, and in a form that may involve the robbing them of *their own souls*. How is such a robbery to be answered in the court of Heaven?

When the poor steal to satisfy their hunger, it is time for the rich, whom God has appointed to be his stewards, to fear and tremble, lest they shall be written down as "unjust." If Christians of every community did their full duty, the hungry and the naked would all be cared for, the sick and the prisoners all visited, the ignorant all instructed. But alas! though much is done for this large class, a great deal is left undone; and, in spite of our Saviour's own words to the contrary, the belief still prevails that ceremonial observances are a more acceptable offering to God, than benefits conferred upon his creatures.

The following pleasant anecdote is related of the Colonial Governor Winthrop. During a very

hard winter, he was told that a certain poor man was in the habit of taking wood from his pile every night.

He replied, "Send him to me, I'll cure him of stealing." When the man was brought, he said to him, "Friend, the winter is very severe, and I dare say you have no wood for your family. Help yourself at my pile, until the cold weather is over." Then, when the man had gone out, he asked, "Now, have I not cured him of stealing?"

Something better this, than sending him to pine in jail, to have his spirit broken by disgrace, or corrupted by evil companionship.

There was once sent to the jail, in our county town, a poor Irish girl, on the charge of stealing a wooden pencil and a penknife. Hearing that she was very ill, I went to see her, and she told me she had entered the prison in good health, but that she never should be well until her foot would step on the green earth once more. Her story was, that a fellow-servant who had a grudge against her, and had often threatened to do her some harm, placed these paltry articles on a shelf where her clothes were kept, on purpose to bring suspicion upon her. It was certainly very unlikely that she would take articles of which she could make no possible use, for she could neither read nor write; but whether guilty or not, I determined that bail should be procured for her, if possible, and succeed-

ed in obtaining it. It was some months before her case could be presented to a jury, and then no bill was found against her. Now, even admitting that she was guilty of the specified theft, what comparison is there between her wrong to the employer, who charged her with it, and the wrong he did to her? She may possibly have intended to rob him of property to the value of twenty-five or fifty cents. He robbed her, temporarily, at least, of her health, her reputation, and her peace of mind; and also of three months of her time, which, to the laboring poor, is their only money. In my opinion, it is wicked so to proceed against possible or probable offenders of this sort. A few kind words, setting forth the folly and wrong of any departure from strict honesty, or a promise to provide for any little unsatisfied wants that might press upon her, and still to trust her, and give her a chance to redeem her character would have been far more in consonance with the example of the Spotless One. But the erring deal hardly with their fellow-sinners.

A servant-girl once attempted, as I have every reason to believe, to poison me. She was half crazed with shame and anger, at being detected in stealing, after having for years borne an excellent character for honesty. Our relation to her was of a peculiar character, and she was retained in the house some weeks after the occurrence. During

that time it happened that she saw me one day in great distress, when I was alone in my own room; and with an evident desire to do something for me, expressive of her pity, she brought me a cup of tea, which I drank without hesitation, for she was now "clothed, and in her right mind." Anger is said to be temporary madness; so, also, is often the impulse that leads to a single act of crime.

CHAPTER V.

MANNERS.

So much upon this subject must be indirectly suggested by what I say on nearly every other upon which I write to you, that I hesitate whether to make it a distinct theme. On the whole, however, I believe it is better to do so.

I do not think that people in general are aware of the importance of pleasing, agreeable manners. The difference between two households, in the one of which they are found and in the other not, is as that between two gardens, in one of which the flowers have no odor, while in the other, fragrance is everywhere diffused ; or, as between a gloomy, silent cavern, and a bower of evergreen made joyous by singing birds. They are therefore a means of happiness. As a means of influence, too, they should receive direct culture, which, in this view indeed, becomes of moral obligation. I believe that, in the long run, they have more influence than beauty, or anything else merely personal. That the wicked have often made a mask of them, as, for instance, was said to be the case with one of the worst men that ever lived (Cæsar Borgia), does

not abate from their desirableness. Has not every precious thing its counterfeit, and is not the danger of false imitations increased in proportion to its intrinsic value?

How are good manners to be formed? I do not mean conventional manners, for of these every country has a different code, and what is *comme il faut* in one, is condemned in another. And the code attaches, often, so much importance to mere trivialities, as whether an egg should be eaten from the shell or from a cup; whether it is proper for one at a dinner to challenge another in a glass of wine, etc., that I wonder how people of wide observation, and extended knowledge of men and things, can regard any one of its provisions as more than a *lex loci*. You will easily distinguish between these and other rules that have their basis in reason—and therefore are of natural obligation; as for instance, not to speak with one's mouth full, or drink before wiping the mouth, or make a noise upon the plate with one's knife and fork or spoon, or take any liquid from cup or spoon audibly. The operation of eating is in itself a little gross, and should be refined as much as possible. Yet it is quite common, I believe, for every traveller to judge the manners of a foreign people by the standard of etiquette established in his own country, and condemn every departure from it as a proof of barbarism.

No doubt, in all countries, certain customs arise from what convenience and refinement require, and are essentially right and proper on that account; but this is true only of a portion of them, as the different observances of different countries prove—and with all these diversities, there will probably be found some general agreement on what is most truly essential—as is true in systems of religion. The core, the root, the living principle, the essence of good manners, such as are not dependent on any code, as of every thing else good, must be found in the heart; and their most comprehensive definition is, in a nation of Christians, Christian courtesy. The best are the natural, genuine expression of a heart filled to overflowing with love and good-will towards the whole human race, with a desire to avoid giving pain, and to add in every way to the stock of human happiness. A person possessed with this desire will manifest it in the tone of his voice, in the gracious beaming of his eye, in the friendly grasp of his hand. He can never omit the thousand little attentions to the comfort and pleasure of others that he may have an opportunity to bestow. He will be in no danger of encroaching upon them in any way unreasonably, of making any undue claims on them, of infringing any of their rights, of seeking his own advantage to their loss or inconvenience. He will be always considerate, always kind—always delicate and unobtrusive. It is this

kind of courtesy that may be always sincere. It being once asked in a party, where the "uncle" was, some one replied, "Ascertain who is the dullest and most uninteresting woman in the room, and you will find him at her side." In devoting himself to those whom he was sure others would neglect, he was guilty of no insincerity. A motive of true kindness brought him to them. And if such a motive were always a governing principle in the intercourse of society, the vexed question, how truth is always to be reconciled with courtesy, would be forever settled. One might honestly profess a willingness and pleasure in doing that which otherwise would be tedious and disagreeable, and make use of expressions which would otherwise be untrue. We may be glad to see visitors for their sakes, whom we should not much desire on our own account. At the same time, lest we may fall into the habit, naturally and easily adopted, of using strong expressions, such as convey more feeling than exists at all, or certainly more than is habitual, whatever the enthusiasm of the moment may be, it is well to guard against them, even in our honest intercourse with our fellow-men; and form the habit of expressing ourselves more by action than by profession.

If our Christian gentleman receives ill-treatment or insult from others, he shows himself the true Christian gentleman still—not bringing himself to

their level by quarrelling or railing, according to the old barbarous system of "eye for eye," and "tooth for tooth." He cannot, under any circumstances, be a heathen.

This motive of self-respect for abstaining, under provocation, from the indulgence of high temper, and angry words, I have found useful, when a higher one failed, to enforce upon young people; and upon the ignorant, and therefore narrow-minded, such as constitute a large majority of servants and laboring people, and not a very small proportion of the so-called cultivated classes.

Manners, in a few instances, are the direct product of nature, perfect in kind, and needing no improvement. Generally, however, like every other high attainment, they need direct cultivation, and a child cannot be too carefully trained in this respect. I do not mean by a dancing-master, though he may be a valuable assistant in one way, viz., in making the limbs supple and skilful to obey gracefully the commands of the will. His office bears the same relation to the mother's, in this instance, as that of the tuner of the instrument, to his who draws music from it. The silent music of sweet and gentle manners requires, first of all, the cultivation of reverence—a beautiful sentiment, essential to the uplifting of man above a low, grovelling condition. Full of significance are the analogies of nature, by which almost every subject con-

nected with the soul, or with life, is illustrated. I think it is Cicero who said that, whereas all other animals have their heads prone, so that their eyes look upon the ground, man is made erect so that he can see the heavens. We behold high above us the magnificent firmament, and our thoughts are carried farther still—to Him who created it. How miserable and hopeless our condition would be, if we had nothing higher than ourselves to look up to. We should end by crawling in the dust and mire of earth. Let your child, then, look up to those who are above him in years and in knowledge, and give them the respect due on that account. Especially let this respect be evinced towards his benefactors, his parents, and those who are intrusted with his education. Let him rise up in the presence of the aged, and pay respect to the hoary head. Those parents greatly wrong their children, who allow them to be guilty of any want of respect towards themselves, in word or action. The least offence of this kind should be treated in the most serious manner, and as one not easily to be overlooked. Rob your child's soul of reverence, and you rob it of a jewel—essential to its full lustre and richness. There is no need, in order to insure it, to keep him at a distance from you. Only be careful, that the nearer he approaches you, the more he discovers in you that is worthy of reverence. Those who most truly serve God,

and most nearly resemble him, live nearest to him.

Next to reverence, cultivate thoughtfulness or consideration for others. Many in whom good manners are not a spontaneous growth, would acquire them by this means alone, who, from a want of it, are perfectly unconscious how many opportunities they lose, daily, hourly, almost momently, of making themselves acceptable and agreeable to those with whom they associate—and in how many ways they give offence, and render themselves disagreeable. To be well-mannered, one must be unselfish—so that, on this account, as well as because they are a means of influence, the cultivation of good manners is a moral duty. It is a very charming mode, applicable even to a very young child, of beginning the life-long process essential to our proper growth, development, and progress, viz., living out of ourselves, and for others. This consideration must be enforced by kindness. The law of love must be inculcated—"line upon line" and "precept upon precept"—until it becomes written on the heart, and dwells ever upon the lips. Occasionally, instances are met with, of a great want of correspondence between the manners and the character, so that the former are not at all a proper expression of the latter. For instance, warm and kind-hearted people have sometimes what are termed cold manners, so that

you must know them intimately, in order to ascertain that they have a warm heart within. Such cases always puzzle me, but I do not think they are often met with, and they are probably resolvable into some peculiarity of physical temperament. I remember a newspaper joke, of which John Quincy Adams was the subject, many years ago, of whom it was said, that he had passed through New York, and several persons had taken cold from shaking hands with him. His coldness of manner made him unpopular, and kept people at a distance from him ; and yet he was so true-hearted a patriot, and so valuable were the services he rendered his country, that in the latter years of his life, when, in consequence of going to Cincinnati to lay the corner-stone of some new edifice, he travelled through several of the States, the people thronged, as one man, to do him honour, and his progress was an ovation. This surprised and deeply moved him. I saw him at Pittsfield, when he had got back to his own State, and heard him allude, with deep feeling, to the manifestation of good-will he had everywhere received, and then to the still greater value to him, of such testimony from his own State. He applied to himself the words of the Shunamite, who, when asked what reward should be given her for healing the King's son, replied: "I dwell among mine own people"—as if that circumstance placed her above want of any sort.

This great man may have learned only in this late period of his life, the value of that sympathy which, in manner at least, he had always rejected.

It is the young only who can be *trained* in manners. The only refiners of manners in society, are those who present a worthy model of them, in themselves. I have known very ill manners exhibited in criticisms on the manners of others. I shall have written upon this subject in vain, if any of my readers remain in the belief, that good manners are needed only in polite society. They belong so essentially to him who really possesses them, are so much a part of himself, that he never lays them aside. He finds them as natural and proper in the company of his inferiors as of his equals; and so he wins the affection of each one, and establishes an influence over them which aids in making them, too, Christians and gentlemen. One sometimes sees mistress and servant together, and finds the real lady in the latter, in so far as that phrase embodies the idea of true refinement.

I feel very much the importance of my present theme, and my incompetence to do it justice. Universal kindly, courteous manners would be as oil to all the machinery of society. He who has them, diffuses throughout the whole sphere in which he moves, a refining and elevating influence. He carries with them, on the highways of life, refreshment to the weary traveller, balm to the sor-

rowing, cheer to the despondent, and a sense of comfort and gratification to all. The angry man becomes quiet in his presence; the rude man, civil; the overburthened man stronger to uplift himself beneath his burthens; the timid man confident; the humble man reassured of his claim to equality with his brother-man; and the criminal feels a foreshadowing of God's mercy to the penitent.

"The spirit of God brooded over the face of the waters." The spirit of man should so brood over the waters of social life, as to bring out of them peace, order, beauty and harmony. He should never wake a discordant tone in the heart of a fellow-being. He should never disappoint him of a fraternal recognition. He should never smite his spirit, and wound him with words sharper than a two-edged sword; or use a tone and manner, the effect of which is much like that of a slap in the face. The one indignity would not be greater than the other. This is quite as likely to be done without provocation as with it, by those who do not recognize the claims of human brotherhood. Remember, always, that whoso does any of these things to the man, does them to his great Master.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

Most of you will remember one or more delightful excursions that we have taken together to see the beautiful scenery, both in the northern and southern part of Berkshire county, and what a gay, happy party we always made. It is a great blessing to live in the midst of beautiful scenery from which one can have daily draughts of refreshment to the soul, and find pleasant by-paths from the dusty highway of life; and it is delightful sometimes to go in search of what is lovely and grand in nature, that is beyond our own surroundings. *Pursuit* has a charm of its own that it superadds to every object pursued. It is well to enrich, as much as possible, the picture gallery of the memory. There is, besides, great benefit to mind and body, in occasional change of air, of scene, and of occupation.

From an early period in my life as teacher, I have had the habit of taking my pupils on an excursion at some distance, once every summer. The failure to do so has been a rare exception;

and I have given them opportunities to become familiar with the high places of nature in our own vicinity, made for the purest worship, and with all her most attractive resorts and hiding-places.

I have been led to believe that, generally, the love of nature, like every other principle of the human mind, although it exists, requires cultivation for its development—I mean in a majority of instances. In some, it is so strong and vigorous, that it expands of itself. To be without it, is a great misfortune, for it is in fact, to be blind, in a most important sense — blind to the glory and beauty of God's wonderful works, to all he has made that can fill the soul with rapture, through the mere seeing of the eye ; deaf to ten thousand voices that she utters continually to man—quickening in him what is best and highest in his nature, and helping to spiritualize it ; and incapable of a communion through nature, with nature's God—with whom it is desirable that his creatures should be put by every possible means, in conscious perceptible relation. It having been, therefore, my study to cultivate it in my pupils, I have considered all our excursions near and distant, as a part of this training ; and I have seen its effect even upon our drivers, who have driven us frequently. They would often of their own accord, point out beautiful scenes and objects.

I had one pupil with me, for three years, I

think, a young girl, who disclaimed all love of nature ; and I believe she was quite sincere, in saying, that no matter what scenery might be in view from the windows of a room, she had as lief look inside, as outside of it. On our excursions, she liked very much the release from school, the freedom, the gaiety, and the fun ; but the route was quite indifferent to her. On her third visit to Bashpish Falls, however, her sudden "conversion" took place in this wise. After a night through which the rain poured incessantly, we awoke to a gloriously bright morning, which we hailed with acclamations—such as the Persians may be supposed to have used, when greeting the rising sun, on his great festival day—and set off for the Falls, about eight o'clock, by a road which leads down the mountain from Milo Smith's, to a part of Hillsdale. This road is not often taken, because there is one much shorter, that leads directly to the Falls ; but it is a great pity to forego, on that account, what it offers. At a very sudden sharp turn in it, you come upon a "valley of vision" indeed, "stretching" far and wide "to where the sky stoops" over it, upon a wall of rich, grain-covered mountains, themselves surmounted by the blue ethereal peaks of the Catskills. On this morning, the valley was flecked all over with patches of the rising mist, not so as to obscure it, but to add to its enchantment, as a veil,

partially lifted, enhances that of a beautiful face. Fourteen of us were in the dear old open omnibus. A simultaneous exclamation of delight rose, like a shout, from all—and Julia's enthusiasm seemed quite equal to that of the rest. "Ah, Julia!" I said, "you are caught, at last!" and from that moment, her love of nature has been a perpetually increasing fountain of delight to her. If, therefore, you have what is called a family school, I advise you not to overlook this department of education, and I advise all mothers to give it due attention.

I once sat by a brook with a very little child, who listened intently for a little time, and then said, in a soft, sweet voice: "Mother, I love to hear the pretty water." Another little child, standing by the window at sunset, and listening to the wind, said: "Mother, what does the wind say to me?" She knew already that it had a language. There are a thousand pretty sayings of children about the moon and the stars. Perhaps one of the prettiest fancies was that of a child, who thought the stars were "gimlet-holes, to let the glory through." As in the infancy of the world, men are supposed to have had communion with God and the angels, which was afterwards lost; so in the infancy of man's being, he often possesses a consciousness of Nature's presence, and a relationship with her, which passes away, as he

becomes engrossed with material life, unless cherished like one of the precious germs of his being. Wordsworth expresses something like this sentiment in the following lines:

> Heaven lies about us in our infancy:
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy;
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy.
> The youth, who daily further from the East
> Must travel still, is Nature's Priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended.
> At length the man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

The child's heaven remains spread about him, its kingdom is close at hand, and he is invited "to come" into it, by the flowers all about him, by the shining of the stars, and the whispering of the wind. These constitute the alphabet of Nature's language, by which she reveals herself even to a little child, so that he may afterwards learn to read her book as a story, without an end—or he may become inattentive and indifferent to her, so that she will be to him a "sealed book," and even her glorious handwriting on the walls of the firmament shall have no more significance to him than an undeciphered hieroglyphic.

It is the spirit that giveth life. The man who has no love of nature lives in the midst of lifeless unmeaning forms, from which he is quite isolated,

except for certain material purposes. He is not a part of Nature's harmonious whole, but a dry, cold unit. He fills his lungs with the air of heaven, and feeds himself on the fruits of the earth, and enlists the magic potency of the north star in the pilotage of his ships, and yet has no distinct recognition of the wonderful circle of affinities of which he is himself the centre, linking him with Nature in all her ramifications, and subjecting him to her most subtle influences. He is glad of a bright sun, because it will ripen his grain; of clouds, because they will pour down rain for the same purpose. He is glad of day for labor, and night for rest. The sun is not the king of day, but simply light and warmth, and the facilitator of many plans. The clouds are not His "pavilion round about Him" who made them, but rain-sifters. Night is not a peerless queen, with a coronet of diamonds upon her brow, but darkness; day is not an uncovering of the fair face of Nature, and the filling of her countenance with light and beauty, but the opener of workshops and factories, the uplifter of signals for labor, the appointer of task-work. He beholds, without emotion, the perpetually recurring miracle of the morning's dawn—the newly-created day. Its freshness is not imparted to his soul; its marvellous beauty, as it gradually bursts into bloom, is not reflected there; its hymn of joy is not heard there; its anthems

of praise to its great Author find there no response. He sees not how jocund it "stands on the misty mountain-tops;" how out of its glorious chambers it brings a garment of light wherewith to cover the earth. He has no fellowship with it—it does not bring a corresponding morning in his soul, nor enlarge it by its beautiful expansion; it awakens no gratitude within him.

But one who is in Nature's secrets, who is her lover, and to whom she is a friend and a revealer of God, has his own peculiar share in all her glories and beauties, and is elevated, refreshed and strengthened by them. They confer upon him a kind of state, which he will do nothing to dishonour, among the essential attributes of which are purity, refinement, and nobleness of soul.

Gratitude to God for making the world so beautiful ought to be inculcated. I am often made both sorry and indignant by hearing it spoken of as such a miserable place. Men can mar it to any extent; but God has made it lovely, and spread his tender mercies over it. No season is without its charm. In winter, nature does not die, but lies entranced in great pomp of state. Snow-covered mountains are transfigured, and their raiment is white and glistering. Others have a royal robe of blue, more magnificent than that they wear at any other period. The forms of the bare trees are so beautiful, that you are content not to

have them "clothed upon." The fresh snow has the purity of the heavens from which it falls. The evergreens, which it touches but to adorn, stand as beautiful emblems of immortality; and the skies above are clear and gorgeous beyond the dream of a summer-worshipper. Notwithstanding my long observation of the fact, that in the dullest day, and when nature's aspect is most forbidding, some charm will be unexpectedly revealed, it has often surprised me to see a flash of her countenance, like that which an eye suddenly kindled darts over a human face.

The question, of what use are the influences of nature, resolves itself into one, the irreverence of which will be easily acknowledged. Why did God, who does nothing in vain, make the world beautiful? and give to man the perception of beauty? As well ask, what need have earthly beings, whose material wants necessarily claim much of their time and attention, to be surrounded with all possible aids for the development of their spiritual natures. What need has selfish man, prone to be occupied with his own petty interests, of that which shall make him look away from himself? What need has plodding man, whose eyes are bent on the ground, to have them uplifted towards God? What need has vulgar man, whose nature has so much that is kindred with the brute, to be refined and elevated? What need has sorrowing man to

see God's love and pity expressed in beautiful symbols on every side of him? What need has artistic man for nature's exquisite models and rich materials? What need has weary man for refreshment procured without labor, that he can drink in with every sense? What need has the poor man of a banquet where no payment is demanded, and where no one shall say to him, "Friend give place"—because he is in his father's house? And lastly, What need has the solitary man of soothing companionship? In the great sense, there is but one mediator between God and man. Nature is also a mediator between him and his creatures, because she is a medium of influence from him, and of communion with him. Natural religion is the worthy handmaid of revealed religion; and many of the heathen, doubtless, have lived much nearer to God, in consequence of her ministrations, than they would otherwise have done. I have no doubt, too, that the asperities of religious creeds have been softened through her influences, and their bad effects in some degree corrected.

I once heard a clergyman in the pulpit describe the effect upon a young man, of a sermon upon the awful nature of sin, and the terrible punishment that awaited the sinner of an "avenging God," which filled his soul with horror, and wrought him to a pitch of tremendous and most painful excitement. As he emerged from the tem-

ple made with hands, into the open temple illuminated by the beautiful light of a bright summer's day, and carpeted with flowers, he said to himself: "It cannot be that he who made this world so beautiful is the same that the preacher has been presenting to us;" and the dreadful impressions were softened or effaced altogether. He who told the story, disapproved the conclusion the young man arrived at, and said that God who made the sunshine made also the storms; and that as his mercy might be inferred from the one, so might his wrath from the other. Those who believe in the harmony of all things proceeding from the Great Creator, will be slow to admit that there can be any want of correspondence between his works and his written word, so that the effect of the one will ever be to counteract that of the other, properly interpreted.

CHAPTER VII.

TRAVELLING.

The invention of railroads has made us a nation of travellers; and since so much of our life is to be spent upon the road, it becomes quite important to know how travelling may be rendered most profitable and most pleasant, and to adopt some rules for our guidance in this respect. In the first place, I advise you to make up your mind before leaving home, to encounter a good deal, not only of inconvenience, but of positive discomfort; to meet with much that is offensive in one way and another, and determine that you will bear it patiently, and avoid making yourself disagreeable by a perpetual spirit of complaint. The unreasonableness of a child who cries because he can't have the moon for a plaything, is hardly greater than that of travellers, who are excessively annoyed because they cannot travel in their own houses, and so take all their home comforts with them. I once stopped a night at a principal hotel in one of our cities, where a chambermaid, whose manners were kindly and pleasing, provided me with a very nice bedroom,

and made me as comfortable as possible. I had been profoundly asleep for about two hours, when she awakened me, to say that my room had been previously engaged for a bride, whose arrival was not expected until the following day, who had come, however, at midnight, and was so much displeased at the room substituted for this, that her vituperation had awakened all the sleepers in the same corridor. Would I, she asked, for the peace of the house, consent to change my quarters? I replied that I would do so for her sake, because she had been so very attentive to me. I could but pity the poor man who had taken such a fool and termagant to be the wife of his bosom, and the mother of his children.

There are certain defects of temper, and disagreeable qualities of character, that betray themselves under all possible circumstances. People who travel and know what good manners are, may make themselves missionaries in that department, as they may also of the Gospel of love. The rudest person feels the charm of courtesy and kindliness, responding to it in the best way he can. It very rarely, if ever, occurs that any advance made, or any favor asked in the right spirit, is rudely repulsed.

In travelling, as under all other circumstances, there should be some practical admission on our part, that we belong to the great human family,

and regard mankind as our brethren. We should, therefore, be always considerate of others, not standing aloof, as if we were "worthier" on account of our class or position, than they among whose ranks the Saviour was born; or as if we could not tolerate certain deficiencies, marking many of that to which we ourselves belong.

A friend of mine was travelling, many years ago, in the winter, by stage, from Philadelphia to New York. One very cold night, the stage stopped, the driver opened the door and said, "Gentlemen," (there were about a half a dozen) "there is a colored man on the seat with me who has no overcoat, and I think he will certainly freeze to death, if you do not let him come inside." No; this could not possibly be permitted. My friend, who was the only one in the minority, said, "Well, gentlemen, if you will not let this poor man in, I will at least give him my overcoat," which he accordingly took off and handed to the driver, to be so transferred. The next morning, he received the thanks of him towards whom he had acted the part of the good Samaritan, for having saved, as he believed, his life. By whatever name called, were those others, heathens or Christians?

It happened to me, within the last year, to be travelling in company with an old lady, in her eightieth year, of whom I had charge. There sat before us a woman from the common ranks

of life, with two young children, who had been travelling, she said, for three days and nights, and looked extremely weary and ill. My aged friend, who believed that, unless she could get some rest, she might have a fit of illness, said to her, "If you will go to sleep, I will look after your children." The kind offer was immediately accepted; she leaned back, and her senses were soon fast locked in slumber. Then my friend, before whom she sat, asked me to watch the children, while she held a cushion she carried with her against the poor woman's head, and so we went on, until she awoke, very much refreshed.

Whenever anything offensive in the manners one meets with in travelling, proceeds from ill temper, it is rebuked, and put down most effectually, by something as opposite to itself as possible. If it is the result of mere ignorance of conventional rule, it should be pardoned, and the ignorance, in the latter instance, kindly removed. A case in point, is one mentioned by Miss Sedgwick, who was once applied to, on board a steamboat, by a young woman, to "give her the loan of her hairbrush and comb." She did so; and, when they were brought back, she said, "I will give them to you; they are not things to be borrowed, and you should not have asked for them, my good girl; but now you are welcome to them."

Officials of every sort, who have to deal with travellers, very soon distinguish between the truly refined, and the vulgar, who fancy themselves gentlemen and ladies. I once asked a very respectable driver, as I sat on the box beside him, what proportion of travellers were well-mannered. He replied that they were about half and half, and then went on to tell me of the extreme unreasonableness of a party whom he was driving a long day's journey, on a previous day, remembered long afterwards as the "hot Tuesday," and who became obstreperous, because they found that they were not likely to arrive at their journey's end at the time promised by the proprietor of the stage, who could not foresee the intense heat of the weather. In vain the driver explained that he could drive faster, only at the risk of killing his horses. Again and again they remonstrated, and again he explained, until at last he ceased to reply to them. They reported him, afterwards, for insolence. "What did he say?" asked the master; "Nothing, he would not speak at all." His master did not "find him guilty."

There is one single point of opposition which, I think, it is always right to maintain, in car-travelling, that of insisting upon fresh air; because no one is bound to submit to a process of poisoning, even in furtherance of good fellowship. True, the air that has been breathed in and out of

fifty or a hundred pairs of lungs, as the case may be, until a very large portion of its vital property, oxygen, is lost, and its place supplied by a deleterious carbonic acid, is not usually considered injurious, but it is the pure, fresh air of heaven that people are afraid of. I have little doubt, that the seeds of many a disease are sown by the close air of cars, school-rooms, sleeping-rooms, and crowded drawing-rooms.

Do not display fine dress in travelling. What can be more out of place, even if the cars were clean, instead of being filthy, as many of them are. 'Tis pity it should not be more generally understood, how essential an element in good breeding of every sort, is fitness; and how much a mere sense of fitness has to do with constituting the real gentleman and lady. I should have a great objection to an aristocratic class in our country; but a few families of recognized "nobility," scattered here and there, might be useful, by their example of plainness and simplicity of dress in travelling, stout shoes and strong clothes, in walking for exercise, etc., and of moderation in the fashions. Not that this practical wisdom is confined to them; but their example, in these respects, would be of greater force than any other, even in a democratic country.

My last advice on this topic is, that when you travel for pleasure you carry with you a spirit of enterprise, and be on the alert, and energetic to

make the utmost of your opportunities. Indolent, comfort-loving travellers, forego scenes that may enrich a lifetime, rather than lose a few hours' sleep, or miss a regular meal. On my first visit to Niagara, I was, of course, particularly eager to see the great wonder under every variety of aspect. On the first night of our arrival, we sat by it a long time, in order to have a view of it by moonlight; but the moon, rising rather late, was so long in getting above the spray, that we determined to be satisfied, that time, without a sight of her fair face beaming over those magical waters, for the effect was, under those circumstances, very striking, imparting to them a sort of wildness and mystery.

The next evening we had a tremendous thunderstorm, and thick blackness; but that, too, was a grand accompaniment to this great chorus of hallelujahs, a sublime variety in the scene-shifting. We watched it from the upper piazza of a hotel, that then stood on high ground above the Horse-Shoe, on the Canada side. At one moment, there was darkness that might be felt; at another, the Falls and the Rapids above them, were lighted up with dazzling brilliancy, and as suddenly extinguished. It was a wonderful sight.

By the third night, the moon came too late for our purpose, so I proposed that we should go to bed betimes, and get up at one o'clock. The

party all declined, except one, who consented for the sake of obliging me. He had his reward, however, as he fully acknowledged. It was a wondrous thing in the hush of midnight, to have an impression of stilness in the midst of that war of waters; to see the moonlight sleeping on the brow of the torrent, and bathing the whole scene with what seemed a fitting type of the spirit of God, brooding over Creation's mighty deep. There we waited until the dawn. Would that I could describe it. I dare not make the attempt, but I shall never forget it; and I am sure that my life has been always richer by what I saw, when others were locked in sleep.

I remember being once at Naushon; and, after a day spent in the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery of that lovely island, and the hospitality of its kind owner, Governor Swain, we were invited at 9 P. M. to go out on the bay, in a boat One of our party said she had changed her mind, and broken her word so often, after declaring, "I will not try to see or to do anything more today," that now she would be steadfast. So she refused to accompany us. It was a summer's night of heavenly beauty—its queen holding a brilliant court. Our friend, who took us out, played skilfully the bugle, and waked such echoes with it as gave the effect of a celestial band over our heads, whose music spread, until it seemed to be diffused

through the whole circle of the heavens. I never listened to anything like it before or since, but it has remained with me always; and, to this day, at an interval of thirty years, perhaps, I am glad and grateful that I heard it.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEACHING.

Possibly there are those among you who will become teachers, and it may be well, therefore, to give you some of my ideas on the subject, the more especially as they may assist you in the selection of teachers for your children—should you have no other occasion to act upon them. A thorough knowledge of what is to be taught, though an indispensable, is not a sufficient qualification, for this important profession. The power of imparting the knowledge does not necessarily accompany it, and is a distinct and especial gift. Supposing that the prospective teacher combines the two within himself, he still needs, for full and proper success, a heart conscientiously devoted to his work, and a love both for it and for his pupils. No teaching will be thorough that is not conscientious; and conscientious teaching is very hard work, requiring a stimulus from within.

The first thing to be taught is, generally, *how* to study, though this, in many instances, is never learned, in all the years of school-life. Sitting over

one's book, while gazing much of the time around the room, or into empty space, is called study. Committing a lesson, so that a few passages may be recited from it by rote, is called study. Making a very imperfect slipshod translation, partly by guessing, and partly by a certain facility of insight into hidden meaning, is called study. "I have spent so much time over that lesson," is considered a sufficient apology for not knowing it, instead of a proof sufficient that no proper means have been used for mastering it. Time was given, but will was wanting. It has been said that a man being asked what was the first requisite in a wife, replied, "An amiable disposition; and the second, an amiable disposition; and the third, an amiable disposition."

There is a word equally deserving a threefold repetition, as applied to teaching, which is, "thoroughness." If this is insisted upon from the beginning of a child's education, he is made a working student almost as a matter of course; but I am led to infer that this is not usually the case; because I have found, in a majority of instances, that my pupils of all ages have yet to learn this first principle.

There have been exceptions, of course. Real study is hard work, and it is only by hard work that anything of importance or value is to be obtained in this world. Let the mind be made up to

the work, and it ceases to be formidable. Often what was at first laborious and difficult, becomes easy. "To him that hath shall be given," applies to every human effort. The promise is really made to him who hath—what he has gained for himself. It is with the mental as with the bodily powers; they acquire both strength and facility by use; and, therefore, whether the chief end of schools be to accumulate stores of knowledge, as is maintained by some, or, as others believe, to train the powers of the mind for future use, it is equally important that the discipline should be very thorough.

It is painful to find how many young girls go through several years of school-life, with little or no gain of any sort, often with injury; for sham lessons, like shams of all sorts impair the tone of mind and character, and constitute a most unfit preparation for a true earnest life.

Not unfrequently, I think, the perceptions are dimmed, and the mind confused, even in the case of those who would be willing to learn under proper auspices, by their being hurried on, as members perhaps of large classes, through lessons which they did not understand.

Some of you will remember a lassie of about twelve, who came to me from a mammoth school, which she had attended some years without learning anything, whose brow contracted the moment

she began to recite, and remained so knit during the whole time of recitation, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary—nor could I cure her altogether of this habit, during the two years that she remained with me. Her sister, too, older than herself, had a most painfully anxious expression under the same circumstances. I told their father, I could have done far more and better for them if they had not attended school at all, up to the time that they came to me, so that I could have begun at the alphabet with them. Young people must be excused for wishing always to *get through a book*, and counting their advancement by the number of books they have gone through; but a teacher is unfit for his vocation, who has not an entirely different mode of reckoning; and does not consider that the thorough study of one book, is better than a superficial skimming of any number whatever. Not merely thoroughness in the first instance, but repetition, often a good deal of repetition, is necessary to master it.

I have sometimes found, after trying by every possible means, to quicken a new pupil to diligence, and make her acquire a lesson, that one secret of her failure, was her ignorance of her own language, which she actually did not know well enough to study any but the simplest elementary book, perhaps not even that. The extent of this ignorance is in some cases marvellous, and almost

unaccountable; for unless one were brought up with the dumb or with idiots, it might be expected that a good deal of language would be learned, *nolens volens*. I have had one pupil of sixteen, whose vocabulary was limited to that required for ordinary material life. Her ignorance measured by her opportunities, was quite as striking as that of a little child in a ragged school, who, poor little creature, did not know what a *flower* meant, never having seen one.

Be sure then that the lesson is comprehended. Let no word or phrase remain unexplained, that may possibly not be understood by even the least intelligent of the class, and then insist upon its being well learned. Let it never be excused or let go, until this is accomplished. You will perceive at once, how important it is that you should study carefully the capacity, character, and previous attainments of your pupils, that you may know how much you may reasonably and safely require of them, and be enabled to class them perfectly, so that the quick and the gifted may not be kept back by the slow and the dull, nor the latter pulled forward to a point quite beyond their proper attainment, or be discouraged altogether.

One of my pupils, who had attended a large and celebrated school in one of our cities, assured me that she never studied a lesson while she was there. When I asked how this was possible, she replied,

"The classes were so long that never more than one question came to her, and she could generally contrive to 'manage' that, somehow or other."

Your school, therefore, must not be very large if you mean to follow my advice; for then, instead of that intimate knowledge of your pupils, indispensable to the proper performance of your duty towards them, you may be ignorant of their names, even; for this is true, I am told, of the heads of some of the great schools of our country, and I can well believe it.

I have found it, as you know, very useful to furnish you all with a written "order of exercises," prescribing the time allotted for the study of each lesson, and not permitting any to be borrowed or stolen for one, which properly belongs to another.

This prevents, or breaks up if it already exists, the habit of lolling lazily over your books, instead of working as if "now" were not, as it always is, or should be, the "accepted time." The time of recitation must also be fixed, of course.

There cannot be a really *working school*, without an energetic, hard-working person at its head. School-boys and girls know when their guide is a fellow-worker—when he has the spirit he tries to breathe into them. Magnetism is a somewhat vague, unsettled term, but it stands for a very real thing when used to signify the subtle influence, whatever it is, that acts and re-acts between hu-

man beings in different relations—invisibly, but as certainly, as the wind upon the weather-cock, or the pole-star upon the needle. Every teacher must be aware that his own state gives its tone to that of the school. If he, from any cause, is languid and listless, the energy of his pupils will droop to some extent at least; whereas, if his spirit is vigorous and active, it will communicate a life-giving influence. Woe, then, to the school which has not at its head an earnest man or woman. No other should assume the functions and duties of a teacher. Every arrangement in connection with the school should be made to assist and enforce the impression of its being a place for real work. An example of strict punctuality must be set by the teachers, and pupils must be required to follow it. They must not, for any light reason, be permitted to lose half a day, or even an hour from it—the idea being constantly held up, that the time and the opportunity are too important to be lost. They must be encouraged to resist a headache, if not severe, or any slight bodily ailment, of which they would fain make an excuse for a holiday.

If you have pupils, out of your own family, and one stays away a day, go immediately to ask the reason; that parents as well as child may see what importance you attach to regular attendance. Listen to no plea for having lessons excused on slight and insufficient grounds; nor because a study

happens to be completed within only one or two days of the end of the week, allow a class to postpone beginning a new one, until the following week. In these "Character-factories," all the operations should be as regularly, habitually, uninterruptedly, and *unavoidably* carried on as in those for the weaving of cloth; and the same busy hum of industry should pervade them, though not quite so audibly.

When a new scholar comes to you, ten to one, whatever her age, you will find her deficient in spelling, and incapable of writing a half page of a letter grammatically, or of bounding even the New England States; for "the rudiments of education" are a good deal out of fashion. With such, of course, you must begin at the beginning. I shall not attempt, within these limits, to lay out any plan of study, but I would earnestly recommend, that the studies pursued at any one time, should be few in number, and that undue importance should not attach to text-books on various subjects, the contents of which, however well mastered at the time, will either be forgotten altogether, or remain an undigested mass in the memory; and which are more valuable as books of reference than for any other purpose.

The studies should have reference, first of all, to the faculties they are to develop; the reasoning powers, those of analysis, language, and ideality

should all have direct cultivation. The perceptive powers have also a claim to attention which is not usually properly acknowledged. I have often thought that if I were capable of teaching them, I should like, in the summer season, to have nothing taught but the natural sciences.

A great deal of what is learned at school is necessarily forgotten, as a matter of course; and that is best remembered of which there is something within or without ourselves always to remind us. The study of the human mind, and the human body comes within this category, of course; and that of the latter, in connection with health, I consider indispensable. So also does the study of languages, between which there is such affiliation, that one, alone, is sufficient to keep many others, to a certain degree, in the mind; and although men are said to forget a great deal of their Latin and Greek, these have constituted the foundation of a superstructure, which is always rising higher and higher.

Skeleton histories have their value for the same reason. They may be clothed upon at a later period; for no intelligent, cultivated person will be content to live in ignorance of "the ages" of which he is the "heir," any more than of the present time. But do not assign your pupils too much to do; do not let them attempt too much. If you succeed in training properly their powers of mind,

in forming in them habits of patient careful study, of a concentration of their powers, bearing upon a single point, as the sun's rays are collected in a focus, and in inspiring them with a love of knowledge for its own sake, you have done inexpressibly more for them, than if you had made them passive repositories of the knowledge to be got out of all the school-books that ever were printed.

If you have your pupils in your family, I advise you to read to them a good deal, taking care to secure attention by an animated manner, by occasional questions or remarks, by looking out geographical, historical, biographical, or mythological references that may occur; and to exercise their thinking powers by conversation growing out of the topics treated of, whatever they may be. In the country, there are always six school-hours; and, in my opinion, it is an admirable plan to devote one of these to loud reading, while the listeners carry on various branches of *sewing*, which, though a beautiful feminine accomplishment, is so fast falling into disuse, that it is in danger of becoming one of the lost arts. I have been jealous of the time usually devoted to mere surface geography, if I may so speak, by remembering how much I was made to give to it, in my early years, and how unprofitably. "Latitudes and longitudes, lengths and breadths," etc., I was made to repeat with as much facility as A B C.

My memory, the only faculty called into exercise, was stored with names of counties, towns, and rivers, etc., which it was of no use for me to know, and which I must necessarily forget, and which I might never have recalled by hearing them spoken of in conversation, or seeing them mentioned in books. In a child's early years, a thorough acquaintance can be made with the great general divisions and features of the globe, such as it is essential to know, and with all its artificial divisions. And this knowledge should be kept up by a weekly or semi-weekly lesson on the maps, and by referring to them whenever in reading any point is mentioned, the place of which is not remembered. Grammar, I believe, is seldom any thing but a puzzle to the young. It is, at first, taught better by example than by practice, and it is well to require some written exercise every day, even of the youngest pupil.

CHAPTER IX.

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

It is one thing to educate the mind, a far higher and more important office to educate the heart and the conscience. How shall this be done? How shall the teacher establish an influence over his pupils which shall make them love duty for its own sake, and refer all their conduct to its standard? —which shall quicken in them what is good, and repress what is evil?—which shall put them on their guard against the temptations that easily beset them?—which shall win the obstinate to docility, the selfish to proper consideration of others, the deceitful to truth, the passionate to gentleness, the indifferent to animation, and the indolent to industry? First of all, by *loving* them, by manifesting a real sympathy with them, and showing an earnest desire for their happiness and improvement. Here, again, the *friend* must be uppermost, and above the teacher. If this were always so, in schools and colleges, the result would seem almost magical; but now, the young are apt to regard those under whose subjection they are placed, as, in some sort, spies and enemies, whom they are to foil and defeat as best they may. The idea is en-

couraged and confirmed often by the great distance at which they are kept from their teachers, by formality of manner, and an assumption, on their part, of superiority, which seems to say, "Stand by, for I am greater than thou." Secure the affection and respect of those who are under you, and they will render you, voluntarily, a deference that is worth as much more than any that is exacted, as diamonds are worth more than paste.

The next requisite to success in the department I am speaking of, is strict justice in your dealings with them. The young have a quick and keen perception of any injustice. If you find that, in haste or thoughtlessness, you have administered publicly an undeserved rebuke, ask pardon for it, and take it back as publicly. In so doing, you will remove a thorn you have lodged in some breast, which will rankle if it remains; and you will controvert, by your example, the common notion, false and vulgar, that it is degrading to confess a fault—as if there could be degradation in any right conduct. If a question arises about any matter, however slight, the meaning of a word, the time when a thing was done, the length of a lesson appointed, and after a positive affirmation you find yourself mistaken, do not hesitate to acknowledge your mistake. This is a small thing, but may have great uses. Deal with an impartial hand, as between one pupil and another. Take an

equal interest in all, bestow equal pains upon all, show an equal care for the comfort and happiness of all. Reprove openly only when the offence has been open. In all other cases let your reproofs be in secret. Sometimes you can make them more effectual by administering them through the medium of pen and paper, because, then, there is no chance for a rash vindication which it is hard to retract—no opportunity for an outbreak of temper, which shuts up the heart to any good influence; and time is given for mature reflection. Be very careful about making promises; but having made them, keep them without fail, whatever reason you may have to regret them. A young friend of mine, the whole of whose short life, including those years of it spent in college, was most exemplary, was, nevertheless, sent away from college, with a large number of his class, because they remonstrated against the breach of a promise made to them by their tutor or professor, in regard to an abridgment of extra lessons. In my opinion, the tutor or professor should have been sent away instead, or the whole college laid under an interdict for sanctioning the proceeding.

Thirdly, cultivate a spirit of patience and forbearance towards infirmity of every sort. Regard it as sickness of the mind, and be compassionate towards it. Be habitually gentle, courteous, and ladylike in your manners. This, in itself, has a

harmonizing effect; and if, at rare intervals, exigencies arise which call forth from you an unwonted exhibition of anger or indignation, it has all the more effect, because so seldom seen in you. Maintain a steady calmness, a self-poised bearing, under all difficulties—wait for explanations when you are not sure that you understand the whole of any matter.

Do not allow yourself to be thrown off your guard by ill temper, or even impertinence; but preserve always that self-possession without which you cannot act wisely or discreetly under difficult and trying circumstances. Be willing to reason with the unreasonable, to give line upon line, and precept upon precept, to the dull, the indifferent, and the thoughtless, and to forgive the wayward, seventy times seven. In short, exhibit in yourself, all the virtues which you wish to cultivate in them. Let them never detect you in failing to practice what you preach. Let them see in you the hard-working woman you wish to make each one of them, never excusing or sparing yourself from doing all that properly belongs to you to do; never making any of your arrangements with more reference to your own ease, than to their benefit and improvement.

Make no appeal to the spirit of emulation by prizes, rewards, or distinctions of any sort. It is a low principle, the active exercise of which

represses that of the better and higher part of one's nature, and may awaken envy, jealousy, and even hatred towards successful rivals. It is farther true, that the objects of its pursuit come to be considered as the final causes, the ends of school-education; a delusion akin to that which would be created by leading a young person to believe that the highest object in marriage, is to have wedding garments, and receive the transitory homage usually paid to a bride. A young friend of mine, who attended a very large and celebrated school where, at the end of each term, public examinations were held and prizes distributed, told me that on the assembling of the school, in the beginning of a term, it was soon ascertained who were likely to be successful competitors for the prizes. *These* became very earnest students, and made very considerable acquisitions; while, as a general rule, all the rest did very little, sparing themselves as much as possible. Never having had a large school, I cannot tell whether it is possible to dispense with this stimulus of the love of approbation in its management. But I can affirm, from experience, that it is entirely unnecessary to make use of it in a small one, where a few, who are faithful to duty, will give tone to the whole school; so that industry and fidelity will become the rule rather than the exception.

Let there be no escape from the full discharge

of school duty. For many years, I heard, out of school, every lesson imperfectly recited at the proper time. At length I adopted the custom of hiring a teacher for Saturday afternoon, when delinquents were called upon to pay up the arrears of the week. It is needless to remind you that the "Saturday book," in which every imperfect lesson is recorded, that it may be learned over on Saturday afternoon, is a "book of record" greatly dreaded. There are always some, whose names never appear on it, some whose names are rarely seen there; and always, I am sorry to say, some whose names are, for a time at least, sure to be found there. It has been the means, however, of reclaiming completely not a few, who seemed at first, incorrigibly lazy and careless; and of bringing a large number to greatly improved habits of study. I regard it as one of my best devices.

Lastly, guard your pupils, with the strictest care, against all deceitful practices. The tendency to these is universal, simply because the human being hates work, loves ease, and is easily amused with inventions. They prevail more or less, in every school, not so guarded, and in many, to a lamentable extent. After having been a teacher more than thirty years, I am still often surprised to find what a degree of watchfulness is necessary on this account, and with what ingenuity this watchfulness may be baffled. Truth is one of the pearls often cast before swine.

In the first place discourage and denounce, peremptorily, *prompting*, and make it a punishable offence. On the part of the prompter, it often proceeds from mere thoughtless good-nature. She must, therefore, be made to see, that it is "temptation and a snare" to those who are led to avail themselves of it. If great care is not taken, the indolent will rely upon this, rather than upon any other means of getting on with a recitation. They must be made to see that they *act* a lie, by giving out another's knowledge as their own; and the others that they make themselves parties to it, as aiders and abettors.

Take care to let it be quite accidental, which one of a class shall begin a recitation. One girl who had been accustomed, before she came to me, to being in very long classes, said of her bible-lessons, that she had been always in the habit of counting to see which verse would come to her, and of learning only that. Another mode of avoiding one's proper work, is by getting undue help from others. This I always expressly forbid, and yet the help, to a certain extent, will be sought and received. Here again, honesty is wanting on one side, and good-nature is at fault on the other. Direct all to come to you, and to no one else, for the assistance they need; and let them have from you as much as you think good for them. It is a fatal habit in a scholar, so far as scholarship is

concerned, to rely upon the assistance of others, rather than upon her own efforts. It is a withering, wasting process, that takes from the mind all its stamina, just as disuse will make an arm or a leg powerless. Let the iniquity of so depending on another, be seen as another form of the acted lie.

I once had a pupil of good parts, who came to me at the age of sixteen, in great ignorance of much that a girl should know long before that period. After becoming fully acquainted with her character, as manifested both in and out of school, I said to her: "I know exactly what has been your mode of proceeding in all the schools you have attended hitherto. You have been helped and prompted through your lessons, without really learning much of anything. Your Latin and your French have been translated for you; you have been shown how to do your sums, and often had them done for you, while prompting has supplied all other deficiencies." Although not very true in speech any more than in conduct, she did not deny this; and the being made really to work was something so new to her, that at first it occasioned violent outbreaks of temper.

I know, by experience, how difficult it is for even a conscientious, pains-taking teacher to prevent this, and other habitual knaveries of the school-room; but every teacher should set her face as a flint, against them. There are those who be-

lieve that if they appeal habitually to a sense of honor in their pupils, and adopt no other means of securing right conduct, this will prove sufficient. If such a sense of honor exist even as a latent germ, it will be called forth and developed into very efficient action, by such confidence; but alas! it is usually found only with the minority. I know a teacher of high character, who in her inexperience adopted this theory, and brought herself into great trouble by it. Even after she found herself compelled, in the second year of her school, to adopt a much stricter discipline, the pupils who remained over, still took advantage of her *weak side* in this way. When, sometimes, she asked them directly, whether they had done so and so, transgressing some rule, or overlooking some prohibition, they put her at fault, and saved their consciences, as they thought, by exclaiming; "Why, Mrs. ——!" implying in this way the greatest astonishment, that she could suspect them even, of such disobedience. They boasted of this "dodge," in letters which came to my knowledge accidentally.

These girls had been too little instructed as to the nature and obligations of truth—to be aware that they had incurred the guilt of lying, as much as if they had denied, explicitly the acts in question. With all my long experience as a teacher, my conviction that the cultivation of truth, in every

form, is of the highest importance to my pupils, and the careful and varied modes which I adopt in furtherance of this end, I do not yet feel assured that I can guard effectually against *all* the subterfuges of the deceitful. Suffer no false excuses to go without rebuke—nor let the common form of vindication after a failure, "I did it as well as I could," or, "I learned it as well as I could," pass without holding it up in its true character, as a positive falsehood. It is not strange that truth is so rare a virtue, since it requires to be so watchfully guarded, and receives so little care. It often seems quite a new idea, when first I endeavor to inculcate it, that there are *acted* as well as *spoken* lies; that one may be guilty of a lie by a wink, or a nod, even; and that there is more meanness in the acted than in the spoken lie, because less liability to detection. There seems to be a fascination to some young people in doing forbidden things, just because they are forbidden—for the pleasure of successfully escaping detection. It is well, therefore, to declare occasionally, "Do not imagine that I suppose I can know all the wrong things you do; I am fully aware that this is quite impossible." This has the effect, that the stopping short, or turning aside of the pursuer, has on the energies of the pursued.

Sometimes I have been in the habit of having a printed Bible motto for the week, put upon the

wall of the school-room. After a while, this practice fell into disuse; and I revived it again, in consequence of being told by an old pupil of mine, that she thought that custom, in my school, had had more to do with the formation of her religious character, than anything else. Sermons, she said, were apt to be vague; but by this means, her attention was called to the cultivation of particular virtues and graces. I never shall forget how I was affected by a lovely niece of mine saying to me, "Aunt Lizzie, do give us a hard motto next week, for the last was not hard at all." It was the golden rule, and it was true, it was not hard for her; but she was perfectly unconscious that she was saying anything remarkable. It is well to remind the young, frequently, of their accountability to God; it is well to enforce upon them the belief that the faithful performance of the duties of the week, is a more acceptable offering to Him, than the imperfect worship of the Sabbath, so desirable on our own account. It is well that the school should be opened by reading of the Bible, and by prayer—not as a form, but in furtherance of the highest end of education. It is lamentable that so little is often known of the Bible, even by the children of Christian parents, and that it is read and studied, often, with so little interest. Say to your pupils occasionally, something of this sort: "I do not read to you this book every day, as a mere observance, but

because it is one from whose treasures you should begin early to draw, and which the study of a life-time will not exhaust. The old Testament is worthy the attention of all scholars, as an ancient book, containing the history of an ancient and very remarkable people—the most beautiful poetry ever written, and the sublime utterings of inspired men, whose souls were touched with a coal from the altar of the Lord."

"The New Testament is the guide, the handbook of travellers on life's journey heavenwards, who, without it, will generally mistake their way. It contains the gospels, the "good news," of peace on earth to be wrought out, amid perpetually recurring strife, by the religion of our blessed Saviour; and good-will from Heaven to man, in spite of his sinfulness, waywardness, and disobedience. It also contains, most important of all, a record of the life of Jesus, who came upon the earth to save us from our sins, to reveal God as a Father, and to exhibit in himself, a model for our imitation, which we should study most carefully, and keep ever before us. It has, besides the writings of some of his immediate followers."

You may think that all this is too obvious, too well known to need suggestion; but you must remember that though habit is necessary in every important pursuit and duty, to induce facility and regular observance; yet that very facility

may sometimes be detrimental to true earnestness, and thorough conscientiousness of action and purpose. When Silvio Pellico was first imprisoned, he was allowed to have for his use, a copy of Dante; and tried to divert his thoughts from his intolerable condition, by committing it to memory. Very soon, however, the process became so easy that he could learn long passages by heart, without any interruption to the sad train of his melancholy thoughts. I think that one reason why the Bible is so much less to its readers than it ought to be; why it remains, to a considerable degree, a sealed book though so often opened is, that having it placed in our hands when we are children, incapable of comprehending it, we acquire the habit of reading it mechanically.

Take particular pains, therefore, to have the reading of it with your pupils, a *living* process. Keep them attentive and awake, by comments and by questions; and explain, carefully, everything that, possibly or probably, they may not fully understand. In regard to the prayer, make them comprehend, if you can, their relation to God, by that which they hold to their earthly father; so that they may see by the unfitness of making hollow professions, and insincere acknowledgments, or unmeaning requests to the latter, the dreadful mockery of a heartless form of petition, and profession to the great Father of all.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE.

MANY are disposed to laugh at the fact that young ladies think and talk so much upon the topic of marriage, and to contemn those who present the subject to them. Whether this ridicule and this condemnation be just, depends altogether upon the spirit in which these discussions are carried on by the juniors, and the motive which leads to them, on the part of their elders.

Marriage and maternity being the God-appointed destiny of women, their education would certainly be very imperfect, if they were not trained with direct reference to it; and this could not be, unless when the proper time arrived, their attention were distinctly turned to it, in a way to enforce the preparation it requires. Be assured that when this is done, wisely and rationally, the best possible safeguard is provided against the low and frivolous views of this institution, which the thoughtless and the ignorant are apt to take. The absurdity of the opposite course is not greater than would be that of carefully excluding a student at law from all mention

and knowledge of courts; or of taking pains that a student of divinity should ignore altogether the existence of the pulpit.

I have spoken of the low views of marriage, held by the ignorant. Is this divinely-appointed institution properly appreciated and understood—for all that it is worth, for all the high purposes God intended it should answer, by any large number of the opposite class?

God gave Eve to Adam, as a "helpmeet." This is what the husband should be to the wife, and the wife to the husband. How significant the original Hebrew word may be, I do not know, but it can hardly be more so than its Saxon substitute. A helpmeet—this comprises all.

And in what do all human beings require help? *True sympathy* is one great need of the human soul. It is the experience of that which makes God so dear to the true worshipper, and Jesus Christ a beloved brother. But we turn for it also perpetually to our earthly friends; and we want *one*, whose interests are so intimately connected with ours, so one and the same, and whose life so "bound up in the same bundle with ours," that the two hearts beat with a common pulsation—one to whom we can dare lay open the inmost recesses of our hearts, and communicate all our secrets; to whom we may express our hopes and our fears; confide our regrets and our anxieties, and utter our joys and our sor-

rows; thus increasing our store of good, and laying away from us, as it were, our burdens. We need *counsel*. We must suppose that, in constituting man and woman so differently, and ordaining marriage, a relation so intimate as to make of them one soul, God designed that each, in this union, should be a more perfect being than in partition; that the two natures should supply each other with what is best in each, and so become a new and more perfect whole. Therefore, the chance ought to be that, if the parties confer together in all emergencies and critical periods, as well as in the thousand little matters of ordinary consideration, perpetually occurring; life will be far more rightly and wisely ordered, than when its course depends upon the will of either, unassisted by the other. This conclusion presupposes, of course, that both are fitted to be "helpmeets." That a wife needs the counsel of her husband, will be readily admitted. That he requires hers at all, may, by many, be regarded as a strange and doubtful proposition. God has made us, so that we cannot be altogether self-dependent; and the need of some one to lean upon, is a most important element of the religious nature, as well as a great strengthener of human ties. The strong man "bowed," often finds in feeble woman a firm support—the tremulous man, a defence—the timid man, courage and reassurance—the despairing man, hope—the helpless man, strength—the suffering man,

balm—the sorrowing man, comfort—the perplexed and troubled man, that which clears up his doubts and gives him tranquillity. I have sometimes beheld, with great admiration, a quiet, unpretending woman, laying no claim to superiority of any sort, not expressing herself much in conversation, but showing *character* in everything—who was to her family as the centre to the wheel—itself noiseless, but all that made a noise, revolving round it.

I once had the gratification of hearing Father Taylor pass an eulogium on woman, which I like to repeat. He was reading in the pulpit, from a chapter in one of Paul's Epistles, where she is spoken of as the "weaker vessel." He stopped, put back his spectacles, and said, "I don't know about that; the word is not translated right—*finer*, *finer*, not weaker." He then went on thus: "I don't want a woman to go out of her proper sphere. I don't want her to go to the polls, or to meddle with politics; but, take a woman, a true woman, put her in her own sphere, and let her perform the duties of that sphere well, and I would like to know where you'll find a more tremendous machine than that!"

We all need *patience with our infirmities*, and help to overcome them. A mother is the only friend who, like God, is ever more ready to feel compassion than anger, when we do wrong. True husbands and wives should resemble her as much as

possible, in this respect; and, having a spirit of mutual forbearance and forgiveness, they will be sure that they may do much to amend each other's faults, simply by its manifestation; for it makes a direct and effectual appeal to a generous mind, the natural response to which, is an earnest endeavor to correct that which gives pain and annoyance to a friend so worthy of all gratitude, love, and devotion. We need *companionship* that is not dependent upon accident; that is as certain to us as the sun by day, and the moon and stars by night. Every one knows how inferior in pleasure and benefit is solitary travelling, to that made in chosen company; and the same is still more true; of travelling on the journey of life. God has made the human soul, as he has made everything else endowed with any principle of vitality, both diffusive and receptive; and, to be in its best estate, it must impart a portion of what it receives. Thus action and reaction, between two souls closely united, becomes the source of their best and truest life. It is not confined, of course, to those bound together by the marriage tie; but it is more complete and perfect in their case—if they are what they should be to one another.

Thus, you perceive that while one great and important result of marriage is the perpetuation of the human race; its highest object is the growth and development of character, or, in other words,

progress in the divine life; and, by-and-bye, it will be made evident to you, that the duties and responsibilities connected with the rearing of children, tend to the same end.

The choosing, then, of a wife, or a husband, is a momentous act, and yet how lightly and thoughtlessly is the election often made; and, often, how impiously. I use the latter term advisedly, for marriage is a sacred institution, and the ark of its covenant should not be desecrated by unholy uses.

In every other human contract, the attention is carefully turned upon all the ends to be gained by it, and the best means of securing those ends. If it be but for the purchase of lands or houses, or stock for a farm, it is not entered upon and concluded without a most careful examination of the property to be bought, with reference to ascertaining its true value, and its fitness for the purposes it is to answer. But in this infinitely most important of all, in, perhaps, a majority of cases, no such care is taken. The account that Doctor Johnson gives of the way in which many marriages occur, does not convey an exaggerated idea of the heedlessness with which the destiny of young men and women is often sealed; and this accounts for a part of the misery which is found in married life. He says, "A youth and maiden meeting, by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one

another. Having little to diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness had before concealed. They wear out life with altercations, and charge nature with cruelty."

Many, deliberately and intentionally, base their choice upon the lowest motives. Men marry for beauty or wealth, or both; and women for wealth; and so-called position. These offend no human law; but, in the eye of Heaven, there can, in such cases, be no true marriage. No purely material bond can truly unite beings who have souls as well as bodies. The folly of marrying for beauty might be best illustrated by a man who should vest his all in a perishing flower; marrying for money, by him who makes an image of precious metal, which, though it has eyes, sees not; and ears, hears not; and then bows down before it, and fancies he can receive from it that for which humanity cries out to the Infinite. Women who marry for position, may "gain the whole fashionable world," but they will surely lose their own souls, which must be fed with something else than glare and glitter. And what is this coveted "position," in the artificial world of shams? To have it, is to be at the head of an expensive establishment, to have an immense visiting circle, to give large en-

tertainments, which shall be "honored" with the presence of the "haut ton." In our country, whoever has money enough, whether refined or vulgar, learned or unlearned, can attain to all this; therefore, it is hardly a distinction to be coveted, even if it were worth more in itself.

When this "position" is unquestioned, and commands all that can possibly be yielded to it, it gives very little satisfaction—because it answers to the wants of a very small part, and that the lowest, of our nature. When it is a little doubtful, or not fully acknowledged, its rights are granted upon such debasing terms, as must either bring with them a sense of deep humiliation, or rouse all manner of evil passions. This is man's world. In God's world the badges of distinction are very different, and worth is measured by other scales. The same niece who found it so easy to obey the golden rule, said something on another occasion that delighted and impressed me much. She announced the engagement of a young lady, her friend. After some questions in reply, about the young man whom she was to marry, it was asked, "But is he worth anything, Louise?" "Oh yes, I believe he is a very good young man, indeed."

"But, I mean has he any money?"

"Oh, Auntie!" was the reply, in a tone betokening great wonder and reproach that such a question could be asked.

The only position worth seeking, is that created by high attainments in character, in knowledge, in goodness. These constitute man's true nobility; that which husbands and wives should be able to help each other to attain. They must each bring to the other something for the common stock, and both do their best to increase it. It has been more pithily than daintily said, that one great impediment to the progress of the world consists in unfit marriages; and that people marry together who are no more fit for each other than "hell for a powder-house." Alas! that the house should ever be a "powder-house" instead of the green bower of content, which it may and should be made.

There are very few cases, probably, even when marriage is entered into, in the right spirit, from right motives, when it is not to a certain degree an experiment of doubtful issue, so far as happiness is concerned. The relation between lovers is very different from that which unites husbands and wives, and to a certain degree, is a poor preparation for it. The one bears the same relation to the other, as the easy, graceful prelude to the long, complicated, difficult composition that follows it; as the holiday to a working day; as a quiet sail on some lovely stream, at dawn or sunset, when the heavens, as well as the inward world, are "*couleur de rose*," to a long and exposed voyage over a stormy sea. But it is only the intricate composi-

tion, the working day, the difficult voyage, that worthily tax and develope the faculties they are respectively to exercise. Two young hearts are put in perfect tune by Love's skilful hand, and nothing probably occurs to disturb their harmony. Afterwards, in Life's jarring conflict, discords are almost inevitably caused, and unless the tuning is repeated, these musical hearts may become "like sweet bells jangled." It is said that the reason why lovers are so happy, is because love, then, is perfectly unselfish. It has all that it asks for, and gives, without effort, all that is demanded of it. But this cannot always be so. When the relation becomes of a more intimate nature, collisions of feeling, of tastes, and inclinations must perpetually occur; for there are no two human beings that agree perfectly in all these; and it seems moreover to be one of God's arrangements that people attract each other most, who are most unlike; and therefore this diversity is particularly striking, often, in the married.

Then comes the necessity for mutual sacrifices. These are probably harder, at first, for the wife, because her lover was her worshipper, and "to receive" only, is the part of the idol. From this dream the sooner she wakes the better. If the altar remain, she must herself supply the frankincense and the myrrh.

If both parties have generous minds, each will

feel pleasure in sacrificing to the other. They will find instinctively the proper meeting line of mutual accommodation, and be all the happier for paying regard to it.

If one party be selfish and the other generous, one will claim everything and the other be apt to yield everything; which last, however, it is never entirely wise or right to do, because then the selfishness of the one is confirmed and increased, and the just rights of the other are withheld. Justice is a noble attribute, and in its exercise we should embrace ourselves as well as others. If both parties are selfish, they must draw at opposite ends of the rope for the waters of life.

I think it has been affirmed more than once, that the first year of marriage is the most important of all, and decides the character of all that follow. I dare say this is very nearly true, and often perilous consequences result from causes in themselves trivial. A scratch in a stick of timber may lead to its splitting asunder, and a word rashly spoken, and unretracted, may have in it the voice of doom.

As soon as you find out what your husband's faults of temper are, take care not to give them exercise, not to touch him in a tender point. If he gives you an undeserved reproof, take it patiently; "answer not again," but wait until the mood has passed by before you tell him how much he

has pained you; and be sure this forbearance will produce more of the sorrow "that leads to repentance," than anything else could do. Whatever his faults may be, do not attempt, habitually, any other means of cure than this, and a silent example of the opposite virtues. There is nothing more wearisome and unprofitable than continual reproof.

A charming young friend of mine, who married a man of very high temper, and very noble character, to whom she was deeply attached, said to me that, from the first, she determined to lay by all *pride;* and that since the first year of her marriage, during which there were occasional outbursts on his part, he had not spoken even one impatient word to her. The "wisdom" so much extolled by the wise man—"I, Wisdom, that dwell with Prudence," was her counsellor, when she adopted this resolution. Pride is cherished by many as a noble attribute, and is often hugged to the heart with as bitter and fatal results as if it were a poisonous adder. It is noble only when it belongs to, and illustrates nobleness. True pride of character is that which comes in aid of a still higher principle to prevent a man from doing anything mean or debasing. Pride of family is noble, just so far as it stimulates him to whom it rightly belongs to prove himself the worthy scion of an honorable stock; but it becomes vulgar when it leads to self-exaltation that has no other basis. As well might

a little, gnarled, stunted oak, be proud of its descent from some giant of the forest—the comparison with which, only adds to its insignificance.

Pride of independence deserves all praise, when it leads its possessor to decline receiving from others means of living, which by efforts, however difficult and laborious, he can procure for himself; and that pride is not to be condemned which prevents a man who has received injurious treatment of any sort, from another, to accept favors in lieu of due atonement, and be coaxed into good humor without proper propitiation.

But, on the other hand, the pride that will not, on any terms, forgive an injury or overlook a slight; that, being aggrieved, wraps itself up in moody sullenness, neither asking nor giving explanation, and that will not be appeased when explanation is given and pardon asked; and, above all, the pride that will not "stoop" to acknowledge a wrong and express regret after an injury offered, *this* the Christian man holds in common with the savage. The latter can be pardoned, because his animal nature remains always predominant, from a want of culture of his higher faculties; but what excuse is there for the former?

Pride indulged on the part of a husband or wife is a wretched substitute for the treasures of peace, contentment, and love of which it robs them. I

do not say that there must be absolutely none; there must be enough to check undue encroachment on each other's rights—unreasonable offence in word or action; but it must be a reasonable, placable pride, never manifesting itself in anger—just the pride that makes one element of proper self-respect, and but one of many others, so that it has no title to pre-eminence.

If your husband is a proud man, then, there is the more reason to lay your own pride by, and strive to conquer him by gentleness. You remember the fable of the sun and the wind. It is reasonable that you should be more patient than he. A man's temper has often much to chafe it in his business and his dealings with the world; and he meets with irritations which make no part of woman's trial. In many cases, too, he has responsibilities and anxieties which wear upon him, and make his nerves excitable. Besides, God has made woman by nature more patient, and more capable of long uncomplaining endurance than men, on purpose, I suppose, that she may be a better help-*meet* for him. "Consider all these things and be wise." Study your part carefully and conscientiously, and then act it to the best of your ability. Consider all the means by which your love for him may be manifested, as worthy of all pains. One of these, and that not the least important, is attention to his personal comfort.

Let your house be well ordered, your table nice, and in every way attractive, and sit at the head of it, a lady in your appointments. I do not mean, of course, by these, fine clothes and ornaments, but something in yourself, that they would not misbecome; and in your apparel, taste and neatness. Welcome his guests, and show that you "delight to honor" them.

Do not make him wait for his meals; let all your domestic arrangements have reference to his convenience. Consult his peculiar tastes in little things, as well as in those of more importance; and be attentive to his smallest wishes, if they are not unreasonable. Nothing is paltry in the ministry of love, which, as I have said before, spiritualizes material life. Being once assured of his affection for you, do not be annoyed, or rather, do not be made to doubt it, when some customary manifestation is withheld, or something occurs that seems almost to contradict it. Believe in it still, and your faith shall have its reward.

As to the vexed question of obedience I have not much to say. If a man deserves to have it, he is always sure of it—that is, he is sure that in any difference of views or purposes that must result in action, his wife will yield her wishes to his; partly because woman is naturally of a more self-sacrificing nature, and partly because God has implanted within her, something that makes

her prefer to be ruled by her husband. Even if he does not deserve to be submitted to, therefore, the case will be pretty much the same.

Still, as you will perceive from the views of marriage I have already given you, I regard it as a contract for the mutual, highest, and greatest advantage of the parties—in which they have no separate interests, but, on the contrary, a perfect oneness; and that these therefore can be best promoted by mutual counsel, mutual forbearance, mutual action; and that their gifts and powers of every sort, are to constitute a common stock, from which they are to draw their resources for a happy, useful, worthy life; becoming ever more and more rich in all that is of immortal value. I do not like *slavery* in a wife, any more than in any other domestic servant, although voluntary and cheerful; for it has a deteriorating effect upon both parties, in this, as in its more ordinary relations. A wife, to fulfil her part properly, must still have some individuality; she must remain a thinking being, and retain some independence. As certain departments belong especially to the husband, so do others to her; and in these she must be permitted to have sway. She must still hold herself responsible as a being gifted with reason and intelligence for her own opinions on subjects of any importance; and not adopt his, as a matter of course. I remember I was told once of a woman, who being

asked her opinion upon a subject then very much discussed, said, "I can't tell you. I know I think just as my husband does, but I forget how that is." If a man likes that sort of obedience in a wife, I hope he may have it. A woman must not be *merged* in her husband, but simply united to him. She cannot be, at the same time, a nonentity and a helpmeet. Any difference in a point of conscience between man and wife would be a most painful occurrence; but the law of conscience must, in all circumstances, be recognized as "the higher law."

There is no state on earth so dreadful as an unhappy marriage. I hesitate whether I shall add outside the prison and the mad-house. If you are, or should be, wedded, to a selfish imperious man, whom you can in no way please, or satisfy, or improve; and whose unreasonable requisitions from you, and the cruel privations he imposes upon you, make your life one long torment; accept the fiery trial as well as you can, and improve it for your own benefit, if possible. Talk not of it, especially to your children; at least until they are old enough to become your companions and counsellors.

If he is intemperate, the same counsel is to be given. Your own instincts will tell you whether to remain with him, and try to aid him, or not. If your children suffer from his brutality, or his in-

fluence in any way, you have to decide the matter with reference to them, as well as to yourself. Keep his fault from them as long as you can. I have known a great reward come from this, in a case where, after years of intemperance on the drunkard's part, and dreadful martyrdom on that of his wife, the fear that his children, of whom he was very fond, might become cognizant of his fault, was an almost perfect restraint upon him.

Some women think the marriage contract of such obligation that they have no right to separate from a drunken husband. My own belief is, that when man reduces himself to the level of a brute, the obligation of keeping a contract, made with him when he was a man, ceases. Contracts, in all cases, I believe, cease to be binding when the conditions are not fulfilled by both parties. Nevertheless, if you have promised to take your husband "for better, for worse," as I said before, you must settle this point with your own conscience.

The worst case of all remains to be considered—and that is, of finding that you are forever and intimately connected with a man who is deficient in integrity of character, or grossly sensual, to a degree amounting almost to complete demoralization. If you are conscientious and refined, you will live in such a hell of suffering that no water can cool your tongue. Think how, in all these cases, a woman has to suffer for her children, as well as her-

self! Think of being part owner of children with such a man, who must, to a great degree, control their destiny—of having such tainted blood in their veins! and oh, beware, beware how you ally yourselves unworthily—either through incautiousness, or from low and unworthy motives!

CHAPTER XI.

MATERNITY.

We hear, occasionally, of married women who have such a dread of bringing children into the world, and more still, perhaps, of the trouble and care involved in their training, as to wish that they may never become mothers. We cannot help regarding them as wanting in some essential element of woman's nature, and therefore as monstrous productions. I have no words to express my sense of the greatness of the gift of a living child. It is an immense boon to be self-multiplied, and so have an extension of our being—an increased number of feet to stand upon, of hands to help ourselves withal, and hearts to diffuse life-blood into the current from which we derive our strength, our animation, and our joy. But it is a still higher privilege to be made instrumental in the creation of a human soul and body—to have a being born of us, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh—who is kindred with God, partaker of his nature, capable of becoming his "fellow-worker" and of fitting himself to dwell with him forever, in a state of endless pro-

gression. Were it not for our habitually low and grovelling perceptions—for our insensibility to the wonders and mysteries of human existence, we should find something positively sublime in this part of our allotment, and strive to make ourselves nobly worthy of it—capable of fulfilling its high and mighty trusts.

If a flower could be made to speak, to smile, and to incline lovingly towards us, as we approached it, what curiosity and interest it would excite! What multitudes would flock to see it! What an amount of admiration would be given to it! What sums would be expended upon it! What care would be bestowed upon its cultivation! What nice judgment would be exercised in the selection and preparation of the soil most favorable to it—what pains would be taken not to have the exposure too sunny or too shady, nor the irrigation too little nor too much—what diligence would be used in keeping it free from weeds, and in loosening the soil about it, so that it might be easily penetrated by all needful influences!

Fathers and Mothers! would you do so much for a perishable flower, whose bloom is the evanescent glory of a single season; and will you leave it for your children to relate truly the whole history of their childhood and youth, in the words of poor Jerry, "I was born and up I grew." Even this is a better fate than that of many, not allowed such

freedom, such spontaneity; but whose moral growth is stinted, dwarfed, and distorted, partly by injudicious treatment, and partly by the want of what has been significantly called "a *wholesome* letting alone." This does not imply the absence of care and culture; but that wise limitation of both, which will leave to the child the degree of self-assertion necessary to a true individuality, and to harmony of being. The soul of a child under constant close supervision, and the *perpetual* recurrence of criticism, admonition, and reproof, is well typified by the slave under the lash of a driver.

Use, I beseech you, beforehand, the care and caution of the florist. Find out what conditions of every sort are most favorable to such an organization in children as will best promote their moral, physical, and intellectual development; and having ascertained these, fulfil them, conscientiously, so far as it is in your power to do so. Read over a part of section 2d, in the 5th chapter of Combe's Constitution of Man, about thirty pages, beginning with the 150th. Read, also, a page or two bearing upon kindred subjects, in the 8th chapter of Combe's Physiology. I will introduce here one paragraph from it, as follows: "Doctor Caldwell, too, the able and philanthropic advocate of an improved system of physical, moral, and intellectual education in America, is very urgent in enforcing rational care, during the period of gestation,

on the part of every mother who values the future health and happiness of her progeny. Among other things, he insists on the necessity of mothers taking more exercise in the open air than they usually do ; and cautions them against allowing a feeling of false delicacy to keep them confined to their rooms for weeks or months. For the same reason, the mind ought to be kept free from gloom or anxiety, and in that state of cheerful activity which results from the proper exercise of the moral and social feelings, and intellect. But if seclusion and depression be hurtful to the unborn progeny; thoughtless dissipation, late hours, dancing, waltzing, and rough exercise on horseback, irritability of temper, and peevishness of disposition, are not less injurious. Hence the Margravine of Anspach most justly remarks that, 'when a woman is likely to become a mother, she ought to be doubly careful of her temper, and, in particular, to indulge in no ideas that are not cheerful, and no sentiments that are not kind. Such is the connection between the mind and body, that the features of the face are moulded, commonly, into an expression of the internal disposition ; and is it not natural to think that an infant, before it is born, may be affected by the temper of its mother.'"

In preparations for the care of your child, and of yourself, after its birth, I advise you to make yourself familiar with Combe's work on Infancy,

edited by Bell, and with Parker's Hand-book for Mothers. Inform yourself, beforehand, of all the means necessary to secure your complete restoration to full vigor after your child's birth, and scrupulously fulfil every prescribed condition. Many a woman has made herself an invalid for life, by indiscretions and imprudences at this important period, committed in utter ignorance of the consequences to which they might lead.

In regard to your child, your first care must be to make him a *fine animal*, a process that should be conducted by rule, from the beginning. We do not need the starry heavens to proclaim what virtue there is in method and regularity; but the great law inscribed all over them, applies as well to every department, small and great, in this mundane sphere of ours. Let his food be given to him at regular times, as soon as there is the possibility of forming a habit in this respect; that is, after he fairly *wakes* into being. Do not allow your own convenience or pleasure to interfere with what is desirable for him in this respect. Do not go, or stay away, when your duty requires you to be with him; nor be tempted to stop a crying fit, on his part, by giving him his food out of season—a supposed remedy which probably serves but to aggravate the cause of his uneasiness. His sleep, also, should be made, as much as possible, to observe regular periods; and, although this habit is not so certainly under your

control as the others, much may be done by regular, systematic efforts to promote and establish it. When he becomes old enough to be sent out for air and exercise, the same regularity should be observed.

In contriving and arranging his dress, have reference chiefly to his comfort, and the preservation of his health; and not to the gratification of your own vanity. Because a child's neck and arms are beautiful, shall they be left bare in our severe winters, at the risk, often, of life—always of injury to the health? Few pleasures, especially small pleasures, are procured at so great a cost.

In regard to other conditions of health, diet, exercise, etc., I will only exhort you to bestow as much care upon your children as is given to your horses, who receive only the food "convenient" for them, and this in proper quantity, and after fixed intervals; who are not allowed to eat anything out of time, nor immediately before or after active exercise; whose *skins* are kept in excellent order, for health as well as for beauty, and who are regularly exercised.

If I have said that the mother's first care must be to make her child a fine animal, it is because its higher being, its "inner man," can be properly developed and perfected only by means of a sound physical organization. Intellectual growth will proceed fast enough in a little child without direct cultivation, exactly in proportion as the immature

brain, the mind's instrument, acquires strength and solidity.

But let us come back to the flower. You have one destined for God's garden of immortals, and from you, chiefly, must come the guardian care; from you the sun and dew necessary for its proper expansion and perfect bloom. Should there be stinting and blight instead, whose will be the fault?

God has placed in the mother's heart a deep well of tenderness. Is this alone sufficient for her needs? Far from it. She must have, besides, wisdom, patience, self-denial, forbearance. and a deep sense of responsibility.

Love is the first life of the soul, the first symptom of its intelligence, the first indication of its origin in God, its nature kindred with the divine nature. At a very early period, the new-born child becomes responsive to the tread of its mother's foot, to her voice, to her smile; and a sympathy is already established between them, by which she may act upon it, as life proceeds, for good or for evil, with an influence more powerful than that of any material agent. And, as it precedes all others, so it should be the leading, all-controlling influence on her part. But maternal love is an instinct which, acting alone, may, in the end, only harm the child. It, therefore, must be enlightened, made wise, and fortified by a strong sense of duty. "This is love,

if a man lay down his life for his friend." The mother must, in some sort, "die" for her child. She dies as to her former life of freedom and irresponsibility, when the day's joy and the night's sleep were alike unbroken. She must "crucify" all those "affections" by means of which she may do harm to her child. The yearning of her nature for the uncontrolled indulgence of her love towards it, must be suppressed. And as, while it draws its nourishment from her breast, she denies her own appetite in regard to all food that may make this fountain less salubrious; so she must strive to have nothing in herself, which, being imparted to her child, would be for the injury of its soul.

In a letter upon parental weaknesses and follies so much will be implied on the subject of parental duties, by pointing out their frequent omission, that I shall enlarge much less upon them here. I will, however, say, at the risk of repetition, that a habit of obedience in the child must be *early* established, and that nothing is more easy of accomplishment, even by gentle means. The human being, in the earliest as well as in all the subsequent stages of his progress, submits, without much question, remonstrance, or complaint, to *the inevitable.* Let your child see, at an early period, that obedience is inevitable. This point can be established without any severity, simply by firmness and consistency on the part of the parents.

Some conscientious mothers, shrinking from any very efficient process of discipline, beguile themselves into the idea that they can do their duty, and accomplish the necessary object, by perpetual threats of punishment, which usually result in nothing more than its indefinite postponement. In my opinion, threats should be very rarely used, and, if used, should be fulfilled with the unerring certainty of fate. Let the child be made to understand, once for all, that if he is disobedient, or in any way an offender, he will certainly be subjected to some penalty, which will be inflicted summarily. If men, in the ripeness and full maturity of their powers, and after the experience of half a lifetime, find it often difficult to guide themselves aright, so that they would not only be sorely perplexed, but ready almost to despair at times, but for being permitted to seek the aid of their Heavenly Father; how inexpressible is the folly of leaving to his own devices, the child who has yet to learn his way, and acquire the strength and ability to follow it. If such a course tended to secure his own temporary enjoyment, it could not be permitted or excused, on that account; but, the reverse is the case. The child who is under proper parental control, is a thousand times happier than one spoiled or injured by indulgence. The latter is a nuisance to himself, and to everybody else. No wonder that Charles Lamb, at a dinner where a troop of unruly children were present,

gave his famous toast, "God bless the memory of King Herod." The humorist was permitted his joke, and it passed for one; but what called it forth was a grave reality, of a kind often severely felt by the less privileged, whom courtesy restrains from uttered criticism.

The spoiled child is apt to be boisterous, rude, ill-mannered, inconsiderate of others, restless and dissatisfied at all times; and, when he encounters opposition, furious or sulky. A child, whose life is wisely as well as lovingly ordered for him, is reasonable, quiet, restrained, courteous, contented, and everywhere acceptable. The difference between them is well illustrated by their different demeanor at table. The one takes the food permitted to him, eats it contentedly with good relish, and thanks his mother, if not God, for it. The other selects this, refuses that, is apt to be dissatisfied with every thing, and chooses often to his own hurt.

I was once greatly pleased in dining with an old pupil, when her four little boys were at table, to see how admirably she had trained them in these respects. They behaved, all, like little gentlemen. They were very quiet; did not speak, without first asking permission, as "May I speak, mamma?" and submitted cheerfully to the refusal of anything denied them. Yet there was no painful restraint upon them. They were bright and happy as possible; for the atmosphere which surrounded them

was that of the wisest, tenderest love, and, therefore, a heavenly atmosphere.

The habit of obedience once established in regard to all the little things that make up a child's daily life, will remain fixed while the necessity for it exists.

Mothers crave admiration for their children. The best way, by far, to render them pleasing, is to make them good, reasonable, and considerate. This does not belong to a very high class of motives; but God permits us to be influenced by all which are not positively unworthy. I have already spoken of the importance and duty of cultivating good manners in them, which is really quite an essential part of their moral training. An ill-governed child is never well mannered—he cannot be—for good manners imply some degree of reverence or respect for others, which he has not—self-restraint, which he has not—consideration, which he has not—and a spirit of self-renunciation, of which he is, almost, as a matter of course, incapable. Has it never occurred to you, when you have seen a mature human being perpetually self-absorbed, living, thinking, acting with almost exclusive reference to himself—what a poor fool he is, and what a contemptible appearance he makes. Living in the midst of God's wonderful works, he admires only himself. Belonging to a race illustrated by heroes, martyrs, scholars, poets, artists,

he esteems chiefly himself. He abstracts himself, so to speak, from the sum of living, throbbing humanity, and remains a poor, dry, isolated unit—at best, a Johnny Horner, putting his fingers into all possible pies, and exclaiming, inwardly, at least, "What a great boy I am!" as he pulls out the plums. And will you leave your child to become such a dolt as this? If you spoil him by foolish indulgence—unless he gets, in some other way, the discipline you withhold from him, or has an uncommonly superior nature, with strong inherent counteracting tendencies, he will hardly escape such a destiny.

Do not minister to your child's vanity. It is natural and right for parents to enjoy, in common, everything that their child can bestow. Hence comes the habit of repeating to each other, in his presence, when he is too young to comprehend what is said, his own smart sayings or pretty doings, and what other people think and say about him. This habit once established, there is danger of omitting all reference to the period when he becomes so far advanced in intelligence as to be injured by his own praises.

Do not let him be made the subject of praise or flattery by others, if you can possibly help it. Do not exhibit his little accomplishments to strangers. Let his dress be neat and tasteful, but not conspicuous in anv respect.

Do not reward his good actions or conduct by cake, sweetmeats, etc. Make your love and favor his most precious reward—his moving principle—cultivating at the same time, as fast as he is capable of it, a sentiment of duty in everything, and enforcing the habitual operation of principle.

I do not believe in the necessity of any severity with a child, in order to secure his good conduct. Firmness and perfect consistency, provided that you set him an example in yourself of all that you require of him, will alone enable you to establish such an influence over him as you desire to maintain. Under such a system, if he sees that his misconduct makes you unhappy, this will have far more effect upon him than any exhibition of anger on your part. But he must not be excused from his duty, nor restored to favor after violating or neglecting it, until he has suffered a proper penalty and shown a true repentance.

I have heard an interesting anecdote of the son of a distinguished New England clergyman, who himself became distinguished, which I shall give in confirmation of my views. I will call the boy George. His father lived in one of our cities at a time when George was at that period of life in which horses have a special fascination for their future masters, and he fell into the habit of frequenting livery stables. This was, of course, a forbidden indulgence, and every indulgence was

inevitably punished by a whipping. George made up his mind deliberately that the pleasure was worth the cost, and seemed to think it a matter to be decided entirely by the rule of loss and gain. One evening, when the whipping had been unusually severe, his father sat down and said, "My son, I don't know what to do for you, nor what is to become of you;" and, resting his head upon his hand, began to weep. The boy looked up, saw his father's tears, and said, immediately, "Father, I won't go to the stables any more, sir." He could bear the rod on his back, but he could not bear his father's grief thus palpably revealed to him; and he kept his word.

The religious education of children may be begun at a very early period. By this I mean that the example and teachings of Christ may be made to act upon them. I knew a little boy who came in crying one day, with his cheek scratched and bleeding, complaining of the treatment he had received from a playfellow. "And why didn't you scratch back again?" was asked by a lad sitting by. "Why, that's against the Bible rule, you know," was the reply. Another boy said to his mother, who commended him for having been for some time unusually good, "I think I have been better, mother, ever since you told me about Jesus Christ."

I was one day present in her own house with a

lady who was remarkable for her admirable training of her children in all respects, when a bright little girl, about six or seven years old, came running in, and said, "Mother, Sally Bliss says that Lucy Billings has been doing so and so to her, and she is very angry, indeed!"

"And did you ask Sally," her mother replied, "whether she had not sometimes done the same thing?"

"Why, no, I didn't, mother; but that would have been like what our Saviour said to the woman who lived with another woman's husband, wouldn't it?" If little children are thus brought to Jesus by their mothers, he will surely take them in his arms and bless them; and they may gradually learn from his lips and his life, all by which they may best shape and govern their own. Thus, from an early period, will they become religious—*bound*, held, limited, restrained by a conscientious regard to duty and fealty to God, according to the highest example. That the religion which Jesus taught, can be so easily adapted to the comprehension of a child, and brought to bear upon its little life, is a fact having the same touching significance with the wonderful declaration of his oneness with all mankind.

Of the cultivation of that inestimable virtue, truth—a jewel—in the absence of which the shine of all others is dimmed, I shall speak elsewhere.

There is one subject which I must not fail to mention somewhere, and perhaps it may as well be here. If a child has any intelligence, any activity of mind, its curiosity is early awakened upon all subjects that come within its notice. Of course, this is true of a certain class, usually considered and treated as "forbidden" subjects. When inquiry first arises in regard to these, it is quite customary for the young child to have some absurdity palmed off upon it, in place of anything that approximates the real truth. As children become older, meeting the profoundest reserve on the part of their mothers, in this direction, they seek the information they desire, from schoolmates, or from servants; and rarely, if ever, escape having most vulgar, if not wicked associations established in their minds, in connection with what, under proper guidance and instruction, would no more excite them, than the growth and opening of a flower. The true method is this: If the child's curiosity is excited before the proper time to gratify it, say simply, "You are not old enough to know this now. I will tell you by and by; but promise me that you will not ask anybody else." If such intimacy and confidence have been established between you and your child as ought to exist, even at this early period of his life, he will be satisfied, and will obey you implicitly. Keep your promise, unfold these subjects gradu-

ally, as he advances in maturity, and, my word for it, you will never see him betray other than reverential emotion when allusion is made to them, either purposely or accidentally.

Persuade your husbands to give to their boys the knowledge that may save them from future vice and ruin, by showing them its consequences. Doctor Beddoes, an English physician of eminence, who wrote a work upon the art of preventing disease, urges this point very strongly ; and says that if parents would only do their duty in this respect, a vast amount of suffering would be saved. He tells the story of a young man of his acquaintance whom he knew to have fallen into a bad way of life. He invited him one day to visit with him a hospital under his charge, and took him into those wards where were the most frightful exhibitions of retributive disease. He saw horror gathering on the face of his young friend, who said to him, as they emerged from the building, "Sir, you don't know what you have saved me from," and then went on to explain himself, not knowing that his attendant was in his secrets.

CHAPTER XII.

PARENTAL WEAKNESS AND FOLLY.

It is a saying a good deal older, probably, than our language, that there is no limit to human delusion, and yet its daily developments seem new and striking. It is confined to no creed, religious or political; it pervades every sect, every people; it fastens itself upon all the relations of life, it influences all the intercourse of society; it sits in our churches; it stalks in our places of business; it is at home in our households; it keeps company with high and low, rich and poor.

It is present at the most solemn religious ceremonies; it "assists" at weddings and funerals; and claims a special property in epitaphs, funeral sermons, and biographical notices. It fills important stations, and invents mighty schemes; it creates and it destroys; it builds up and pulls down; it is now a miserable comforter, now a pernicious flatterer; now a dispeller of clouds, now an extinguisher of light; it exalts and it abases; it is two-faced; it smiles and it frowns; it laughs and it weeps; it cheers with hope, and kills with

despair; it struts and it crawls; it towers in pride; it bites the dust in abasement; it swells a man of ordinary calibre into the assumption of greatness; changes a mere cypher in society into a significant figure; and sometimes, though more rarely, reduces a man lower than his proper standard. It is full of whims, while it claims to be reasonable; it is self-seeking while it imagines itself disinterested; it mistakes self-love for the love of others; the fear of hell; for the love of God.

It is sometimes asked, "What would life be without some degree of delusion?" Certainly childhood and youth would be uncrowned of many wreaths; manhood deprived of many a song that cheers its toil; and even the rest of age, would lose some pleasant dreaming. If life were all a certainty, the heavens over our head would become as brass, and the earth under our feet as iron. Harmless delusions are well typified by the clouds of a beautiful sky, which soothe, comfort, rejoice, or delight us, as our mood requires; but they exist by reason of the very sun itself, and so must the sun of duty remain always clear.

Delusions that dim or darken that sun, are vapors of hell. You may well wonder to what all this is tending. My mind is full, at present, of the subject of parental delusions, which are of a two-fold character; those which mislead parents in the education of their children, and those which

prevent a proper estimate of their characters; the two classes together, being often sufficient to exclude the true light of heaven from the home circle. Many parents are unwilling to subject their children to discipline in any way, or to punish them for wrong-doing; to prohibit what is hurtful in food; to deny them improper amusements; to require of them anything that involves hardship or self-denial; and they fancy it is because they love them so much. Whereas, it is simply because they love themselves, better than they love their children's good. They shrink from what will give themselves pain through them.

Occasionally, but much less often, the opposite fault is committed, of urging a child to the utmost exertion of which it is capable; but from a similar reason, viz.: the gratification the parent will derive from any distinction he may attain. Now, the object the parent should have ever in mind, and should use all his best efforts to promote in every possible way, is, *the best good of the child, for its own sake.* Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. live side by side. Mrs. A. becomes convinced that her child will be better for a change of scene, and for new influences, and decides to send her away. Mrs. B. feels utterly unwilling and incompetent to part with hers, who is in the same need of a change; declares she cannot do it; wonders at Mrs. A's want of feeling; and congratulates her-

self upon her own greater parental love; never suspecting, poor weak woman, that it is not her child, but herself, who is her own paramount object. I know a Christian mother, whose heroism far surpassed, in one instance, that of any Spartan mother. Her eldest son being very useful in the family, whose means were narrow, was kept at home until he was eighteen; and then was allowed to go to New York, and see what he could do for himself; or in the words of an old phrase, "to seek his fortune." He apprenticed himself to an apothecary who agreed to give him board and lodging, besides a very small stipend for his clothes. He entered upon this engagement in the autumn. Three months passed away, and he wrote to his mother, that his lodging was on the floor under the counter, with a blanket thrown over him; his food, whatever he could eat from his hand in the shop, and he did not think he could remain in the situation he had procured for himself. She wrote to him in reply, that it would be a poor beginning of his responsible life, to break the first engagement he had ever made, and he must go through with it.

I have no doubt that she lay awake many a cold night, shivering in heart, at the idea of his comfortless condition; but she preferred any suffering of mind in her own case, to the danger of her child's *soul* receiving harm. Her example is

not the less impressive, because her judgment was at fault. When a contract is not kept by one of the parties, it certainly is not binding upon the other. However, the discipline was not lost; and not many years elapsed after his term of apprenticeship had expired, before the young man began a yearly remittance of a thousand dollars to his parents, the expression, or equivalent to them, of what money could not buy; of treasure laid up in heaven.

There are commandments written on the constitution of a human being, on brain, muscle, bone, and nerve, as binding as those which were traced by the finger of God upon the tables of stone. We are prone to disregard the "Thou shalt," and "Thou shalt not," of the Creator, and make enactments of our own in direct opposition to them. The law that all health and growth of mind and body, are dependent upon action, is clearly revealed by palpable facts as well as clearly set forth in works on physiology. Witness the foot of a Chinese lady, and the general aspect of a company of Shaker women. If a hand, or an arm, or a leg is disused from any cause, it becomes shrunken, and loses, in process of time, all power of action. If a muscle is disused, it becomes obliterated, and an inactive brain becomes sluggish and torpid. The Creator has wisely provided the restlessness and curiosity which charac-

terize nearly all young children, to keep their minds and bodies in incessant activity. But the period comes when this direct interference on his part ceases, and the child is placed for the proper development of its physical functions, and the cultivation of its mental faculties, more immediately in the hands of its parents.

The first thing necessary on the part of the parent is authority, on that of the child, implicit obedience. Yet how many, even little children, completely rule their parents. How many are tyrants in the nursery, and rebels in the schoolroom; and how often are matters made worse, by vain endeavors on the part of parents, to screen these facts even from their own view, by a pretence of discipline, by an active tongue: "Go to school this minute, John."

"Oh, mother, I must just finish this kite."

"Don't you hear me, sir? Go to school, this moment, I say. Do you hear me?"

The boy still works at his kite; the mother is, perhaps, called away. An hour later, she returns. "John, leave that kite, this instant, and run to school." "Oh, mother, it is too late to-day, and my kite will be all spoiled if I leave it." "Well, now remember, if you do not go to school to-morrow at the proper time, I shall certainly punish you." There is a great deal of this miserable and most culpable imbecility. If a mother could

be made aware of the immense injury she does her child, by means of it, would she pursue a different course? Certainly not, if she loves herself better than she loves her child.

The period comes when life can be no longer mere play, and discipline begins. The child must have tasks assigned him. These should be carefully adapted to his capacity, bodily and intellectual, and then strictly required. As his power increases, the demand should increase; and, in order to ensure the proper development of his powers, they should be *taxed* a little. He must be required to do what costs him some effort, in order to grow to the full stature of a man. He must be made to practice self-denial, and resist temptation, in order to gain moral strength. Provide a child with habits of industry, accustom him to habitual *efforts*, make it easy to him, by daily practice, to deny himself what is wrong, or what is in any way injurious to him, and he is sure to be a hero in life's conflict. Pursue the opposite course, and if he do not fail altogether, he is still useless to himself and to others — useless, and probably an incumbrance.

A most invaluable discipline may begin at a very early period, simply by accustoming children to be contented with proper food, and to take, without murmur, the denial of what is not considered good for them. In well-ordered families, they are accus-

tomed to sit at well-ordered tables, and see many articles of food eaten by others, which they are not allowed to have. And, besides the moral as well as physical benefit thus imparted to them, they are a thousand times better satisfied, more content with their lot in this respect, than the children who are allowed to eat all sorts of things, at all sorts of times. *These* are never satisfied, but have a perpetually restless craving for something more, and something different. So it is in every other department of training or education. The child that is made reasonable and obedient, that is required to do daily tasks faithfully and regularly, is, beyond comparison, happier than the child spoiled by indulgence — permitted to choose and refuse whatever he pleases, and, in fact, to rule those who should be his masters. This, however, is a consideration of inferior moment to another vastly more important difference—that of the effect of the two opposite modes of treatment upon the character and chances of usefulness. In the one case, a wholesome discipline is gently but firmly enforced, which, instead of interfering with the child's enjoyment, really promotes it; a habit of obedience is formed; a proper filial sentiment finds its growth; habits of order are established; a sentiment of duty and reverence is inspired; the conscience is cultivated, and the whole being invigorated and favorably developed. In the other

case, all this is reversed. A child being almost purely a young animal, with all its animal tendencies in strong operation, can only have that part of its nature which is to place it above the brutes, and link it with angels, developed by the careful guidance and direction of a superior being. If allowed to have its own way, it remains in nearer kindred with irrational creatures. Its passions have strong sway; there is no law put in its mind, to war against the law of the flesh; it has little chance for intellectual growth—still less for any moral advancement; it is self-absorbed, selfish, exacting—a nuisance to itself and to others. Oh, ye parents, you cannot always save your children from everything hard to bear, and difficult or disagreeable to do—that is, from the only things most essential to their well-being. Fortunately, they cannot escape the discipline of life; but, oh, what infinite wrong you do to them, by pursuing a course which so completely unfits them to meet it. In any case where the results of your indulgent treatment have been finally overcome, in part, at least; it is because your children, by very hard effort in after-life, have done that for themselves which you ought to have done for them, but failed to do, because you loved yourselves too well.

What is there in life worth having that can be gained without effort! Must not great pains be taken to acquire knowledge, and then to keep it? Is

not the same true of property—of every good habit of mind and body—of every good practice? Are not the painstaking, the industrious, sure always of success, whatever their vocation; and are not the indolent and the careless equally sure of failure? Does not every task or lesson that is a little difficult, if well accomplished, make the next easier—so that power is perpetually accumulated? And is there not in the opposite case, of exemption from everything that taxes the mind or body, a corresponding loss of power? Is not the law of action the law of preservation? Do not still waters stagnate? Does not a deserted house go to ruin? Do not the moth and the rust corrupt the accumulated goods stowed away by the miserly and the over-careful? Does not neglected soil cover itself with weeds—a neglected fruit-tree with insects—a neglected body with vermin? You are careful for the personal cleanliness of your children. You would by no means omit the daily bath, and frequent change of linen. You teach them to walk; and are careful, perhaps, to have them walk, and run, and leap, and sport, for physical invigoration But you carefully deprive them of any corresponding process for the mind and the soul. The one may be left feeble, half-developed; the other stained with sin, fevered with passion, or filled with meanness—made forever incapable of any high aspiration befitting an immortal, because, forsooth, you cannot

bear to place them under any wholesome, systematic restraint—to deny anything that they ask, enforce anything that they dislike, or require of them what they call "hard." You please yourselves with contriving and arranging for them a tasteful, becoming dress; their curls and dimples delight you, and make you proud; but you are indifferent as to the ornament the Apostle commands, and care little, comparatively, for the graces of the "inward" man. That portion of them, which is one day to be consigned to the earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, is the object of your constant care and attention—while that which is to survive and live forever, suffers wrong, neglect, and injury at your hands. Repeatedly I have been asked to excuse a pupil from some study which she complained of to her parents, as particularly hard. I have never granted the request in a single instance. Real hard work is what the student needs—work that taxes his industry and his perceptions. A watchful, judicious teacher will carefully ascertain the measure of each pupil's capacity, and thus give him what, by *diligent effort*, he can certainly accomplish in a reasonable time, without unreasonable fatigue.

The first great delusion, then, against which I would request parents to guard themselves, is, the mistaking love of themselves, for love of their children. The next is, that which makes them blind to their faults, and utterly impatient of all

criticism and remark upon them, even from those whose right or duty it is to make them. There are innocent parental delusions, comparatively innocent at least, with respect to the personal charms, or mental endowments of children, so common, as to give rise to the inquiry, "What becomes of all the remarkable children?" How does it happen, that the majority of grown-up people are not remarkable—but ordinary? But the delusion that blinds them to their children's faults, or makes them more careful to conceal, than to correct them, is of a most serious and mischievous nature. The question is often asked, "Are parents as blind as they seem to be?" In many cases, yes; but there is a large class, I think, who belong to the category of those in regard to whom it is said, "There are none so blind as those who *will* not see."

I was once told by a high-minded, conscientious woman, who had been for many years at the head of a large school, that for years she had ceased to tell parents of the faults of their children, who were under her care. She reported all that she could in sincerity which was favorable, and passed over the rest, contenting herself with doing her utmost to improve them. I marvelled at this, but some facts in her experience, which I afterwards learned, explained it to me. She once sent to some parents, a correspondence that took place in her schoolroom between two very young girls, showing a

familiarity with most unfitting and improper themes. The children were both immediately removed from her school, and the parents pursued her with hate ever after, manifested by acts of open hostility. On another occasion, she saved a young lady, who was her pupil, from an elopement. The story of her danger came by strange circumstances to her ears. She disbelieved it, but it made her uneasy, and she carried it to the parents. The girl was summoned, and inquiry instituted, whereupon she fainted away. Her trunks were found packed, and so the story was established. The girl was removed, no one knew whither, for a year. Think you these parents were grateful for her rescue from open degradation and a fearful fate? On the contrary, though "professors of religion," they never forgave this act of friendship, and requited it, through a long course of years, by doing all in their power to injure its author, and diminish her reputation and popularity as a teacher.

It is difficult to analyze the feelings, the state of mind, that exists in such a case. There is one class of haters whom even the good, who fulfil the perfect law of love, and therefore never furnish any real ground of offence, cannot avoid—the class who hate those to whom they do wrong. These are sufficiently inexplicable; but not so much so as another class, who hate those from whom they receive a great benefit, provided it is conferred under circumstances

that bring mortification to themselves, though without any fault on the part of their benefactor. And even good people, who are incapable, under any circumstances, of real hatred, nevertheless, are so unreasonably sensitive upon the subject of their children, as to excite amazement; so that, even in caring, as teacher and guide, for the children of one's dearest relatives, it may become a question, "Shall I do my duty by their child—requiring of it the strict performance of its duty, as I do of other children—reprove and punish its faults—and so risk losing the affection and good-will of its parents; or shall I do what *they* prefer—excuse their children from discipline and correction?"

Oh, ye foolish parents! If your child has a bodily ailment neglected, how is your ire excited—and justly, too. If that is required of him which injures his bodily health, how speedily you would remove him from the taskmaster. If the early symptoms of disease in his case did not receive proper attention, and a long fever ensued, or a consumption were the result, you would never forgive his careless, negligent, or indifferent attendant. If he were stinted in his growth, by a scanty supply of food, or suffered from an uncomfortable lodging, how would you resent the injury! But you will suffer no moral pathology to detect the diseases of his soul—no careful treatment of the better and higher part of his being—because, forsooth, the

supposition that faults and vices exist in your child, wounds your own self-love; and he that points them out is regarded as your enemy. Of course, you cannot deny that he has faults, because every child has them; but you are like those who constantly confess themselves, in their prayers, the chief of sinners, and resent the imputation by their fellows of any single error or imperfection; not to speak of positive offences. You make confession, on the same general scale, of the errors of your children; but deny them all in the detail, and bestow freely your ill-will upon those who bear testimony to them, however conscientiously. Nay, in your eagerness to prove that they do not exist. you aid and promote them. A pupil of mine once reported of herself to some fellow-pupils something very bad, which I thought her parents ought to know, and which had occurred, according to her own account, before she came to me. When I related this to her father, he declared himself certain that she had never said it. The next day I was requested to meet the mother and daughter at their own house. The mother, in presence of her child, talked a long time to convince me it was a thing which never could have happened by any possibility, and then, of course, came the denial of the child. How was there any chance for her to utter the truth. After a solemn appeal I then made to her, not to burden her conscience with a lie, she

said, "Well, what I told was something that happened when I was a little girl." "What, when we lived in ——?" "Yes." "Well, that was when you were only four years old." Then turning to me the mother continued, "Surely, Mrs. S., you could not lay up against a child anything done at so early a period." She took no notice whatever of the fact that at first the child had denied the whole thing, and then admitted it, referring it to a very early period. It was evident to me that her anxiety was not so much that her child should be free from offence, as that she should seem to be so. The father was angry, the mother civil, but said, "Of course, hereafter, I shall think it best to keep my child under my own care."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHAMS OF SOCIETY ET AL. VERSUS TRUTH.

It is some thousands of years since the Psalmist wrote, in answer to the inquiry "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle, who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteously, and *speaketh the truth in his heart*." It is a good deal more than eighteen hundred years since the one great Teacher inculcated the beautiful virtue of truth by precept and by example, exhibiting it in his life and in his death; and still that virtue, in its purity, is so rare even among those who call themselves by his name, as to draw forth remark and excite admiration, if not surprise, wherever it is found. This is true of individuals and true of bodies of men.

When I speak of truth, I mean truth of character, as well as of speech—honesty and uprightness of intention, as well as that which fulfils merely the letter of the law: the truth of him, whose eye is single, and therefore his whole body full of light, and who is willing to be seen and known, through and through; who is found under all cir-

cumstances perfectly reliable—" who sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not; who bears the stamp of sterling coin that always has the true ring; who is sure to tread the straight and narrow way of duty, however broad and attractive may be the paths which lead away from it. Such men and such women are pillars of strength in families, in communities, in nations.

The natural world, without the elements of law and order; with day and night—summer and winter—seed-time and harvest, in irregular succession, would be a fitting type of the moral world, without the stable element of truth perpetually existing, from generation to generation, in the hearts of the fifty, forty, twenty, or ten righteous of cities and villages.

Why are the mass of a people calling themselves Christians, and favored with Christian institutions, so deficient in this essential virtue; with just enough to make society cohere; with so little excess over that which is imperatively enforced by conventionalisms, by expediency, and by criminal laws?

I think there are three obvious causes; there may be many more. These three are defects in education, insufficient or erroneous religious instruction, and the shams of society. A little child's first departure from the truth usually occurs before he is old enough to distinguish be-

tween right and wrong—to choose the good, and refuse the evil. But, nevertheless, it is not to be passed over on this account. He must be carefully instructed from the first, in the beauty and obligations of truth, the odiousness and sin of lying; and the aim of the parent must be to make him true in conduct, as well as in words. There must be no severity that will make him afraid to tell the truth—no foolish indulgence that he can count upon to save him from the penalty of untruth, or the legitimate consequences of a fault confessed; and, above all, the parents themselves must be true in heart and in life.

"Have you driven the cow home?" I once heard a father ask of a little boy, not more, I think, than five years old, upon whom that duty devolved. It was a dark, rainy night, in the autumn.

"Yes, sir; but I did not put up the bars."

"Then, my son, you must go directly back again."

The decree was obeyed without a murmur. The father was one who would have much preferred to save his child from the disagreeable service, by performing it himself, but that the child's good was far dearer to him than the indulgence of his own feelings. The want of perfect fidelity in duty, must not be excused because it is confessed. The child had been too conscientiously trained not to make the confession.

Many parents are sadly deficient in duty to their children from a species of self-indulgence, often miscalled parental love, that cannot bear to bring any trial, any inconvenience, even, upon them. This reluctance proceeds from the pure selfish instinct, unenlightened by reason or conscience. True parental love is that which makes the best good of the child its highest object.

There would be an immense accession to truth and honesty of dealing, as also to the comfort of living, by simply cultivating in children a strict habit in regard to the keeping of promises. They should be made to attach sacredness to a promise even when it has reference to small matters, of no great importance in themselves; and to feel that their word once given, is always to be kept. The word promise, when associated with obligation, is usually supposed to imply an engagement formally, if not solemnly made; but this is not its necessary meaning. A promise is a simple engagement to do or not to do, certain things; and should be considered obligatory under all circumstances. Yet, so far is this from being the case, even in matters of business, that an artisan, a mechanic, a dress-maker, etc., who comes at the time appointed, or has an article finished, or a job completed at the time specified, is hardly to be found in those parts of the country where little or no competition exists.

Every one knows the force of habit, yet how little is thought of its immense value as an auxiliary. I once had the charge of a young lassie, remarkable for truth of character, who was dangerously ill of a fever that affected her brain. Great importance was attached to the punctual administration of the medicines prescribed for her. I said to her, "at such a time, the doctor wants you should take more of this, will you do it?" "Yes." Before the moment arrived she had become more wild, and positively refused the prescribed dose. "But you promised," I said, "to take it." "Did I promise, Mrs. Sedgwick?" she asked, appealing to me very earnestly. "Yes, certainly." "Then I shall do it," and it was swallowed immediately.

If promises were kept, other good habits would be cultivated and established at the same time, to the importance of which I have already alluded; among the rest, punctuality, the want of which, if universal, would unfix all the arrangements of society, and put every thing at loose ends. As it is, the stealers of other people's time are an intolerable nuisance. From the beginning, then, make children pay strict regard to promises.

As another means of cultivating truth and honesty of character, make them careful not to appropriate, and not to misuse, another's property. The first lessons in this department can be given in connection with toys. The rights of property should

be distinctly recognized and strictly maintained in the nursery. The child should be trained *never* to use, without leave, what belongs to another, and taught to see that it is not honest to do so. There is not half as much effected as might be, in the department of morals, if things were always called by their right names; if every act received its true denomination. Sometimes an unscrupulous pupil having lost her own book, has taken from my desk a new one, not yet given out, and used it without my knowledge, until it was no longer fit for sale; thus robbing me of its price, just as much as if she had taken the money it cost from my pocket; and I have told her that she was guilty of stealing. I have often been amazed, too, at finding my own books defaced, and scribbled over by wanton girls.

There is a wide difference between not meaning, and meaning not to do so and so. The people are very rare who mean *never* to injure the property of another; and yet every child might be trained, I think, to a course, in this respect, which common decency and common honesty alike require.

I heard a story once that interested me very much, of a little child, who was found to be in the habit of abstracting and secreting lumps of sugar from the sugar-bowl. For punishment, she was placed in a room by herself for two or three days, during which, *good* meals were sent in to her, and she was permitted to have some occupation; but

she was cut off from all communication with the family. The parents who were very tender-hearted, showed no anger towards her, but only grief and sadness. This, probably, was a severer season of trial to them, than even to her; but they endured it for her sake, and had their reward. After the child's release, the sugar-bowl was placed in her keeping. For some time, without her knowledge, the lumps were counted, but she was never known to take another, and became remarkable for truth of character. But its moral basis might have been gradually undermined, had this little offence been overlooked.

I grieve to say, that judging from results in the majority of young people I have had to deal with, parents, generally are remiss in the inculcation, as very many are in the practice, of *nice* moral principle. Of course, there are noble exceptions.

A child is particularly unfortunate in regard to whom undue indulgence in one parent, is opposed by correspondent severity in the other; and that mother who encourages the child to deceive the father, or countenances him in doing what the father disapproves; or that father who pursues a similar course, in regard to the mother, is, in my opinion, a guilty criminal. A child might as well be in the hands of Satan. Truth is absolutely incompatible with any but the most bold and open rebellion against parental authority.

A tendency to make false excuses is a fruitful source of untruth, that should be carefully guarded against, in children and in adults. It is a habit so easily formed, that, even a conscientious person, who means always to be true, may feel her cheek tingle, occasionally, at finding that a lie in this form has escaped her lips. If the excuses made by children are sifted; if their attention is often called to them, and they are made to see how false they are, and that this, like every other form of lying, is sinful and odious, they may be trained to a careful, conscientious avoidance of it.

A little girl whom I knew, being asked by her mother why she took her bonnet off at church, replied, "to make myself cooler." Afterward she voluntarily told her mother, that was only one reason; and another was, that she thought she should look better without it. She felt her conscience burdened until she had stated the case exactly. I have already spoken of the manifold modes of deceit universal in schools. I am told that in colleges these prevail to a fearful degree; and that a young man who has money in his pocket, and meanness in his heart, can go through the whole four years without writing a theme, or committing a lesson in the languages, or in mathematics. I have heard described contrivances for passing well a public examination without any scholarship, which bordered upon the arts of jugglery. It is

possible that some young men fall into these disgraceful ways, in thoughtless unconsciousness of their disgraceful nature, without permanent loss of integrity; but there is no doubt that, on the whole, they do great injury, and are among the causes that help to keep the standard of truth and honesty low in the community.

In my opinion, to the pulpit attaches a huge share of responsibility on the same account. There is but one denomination, so far as I know, whose clergy are not afraid to preach what is termed morality—what, in fact, our Saviour taught—so as to give it any prominence in their teachings. If the record of our Saviour's sermon on the Mount had been mislaid, and it were to appear now for the first time, without the sanction of his blessed name, I think it would be regarded by a large majority of the clergy and their congregations, as a "cold moral discourse."

I once asked a clergyman why the Apostles were made the universal models of religious teaching, instead of Christ. He admitted the fact, but did not attempt an explanation. I once heard the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher—whom may God bless, as a true and genuine apostle of true religion—preach a sermon in vindication of morality! He was aware that it had fallen into a certain sort of disrepute. This has arisen from the great fear lest morality should be mistaken for religion, and men

should suppose that justice, mercy, truth, etc., were conditions of salvation. We do not discover any such fear in our Saviour—any such disposition to separate morality from religion. See his address on the judgment scene that he arrays before the imagination of his hearers; and his utterances everywhere. It is a separation which has done infinite harm.

Religion, in its true sense, is fealty to God; and this is best shown by the keeping of his laws. To disparage truth, justice, mercy, love, is to disparage the attributes of God. The more one fits himself to practice these virtues; the more, so far, does he become like God. All mankind can cultivate and practice these; all cannot attain to a high degree of spiritual communion with God. This is the privilege of an exalted spiritual nature. All should seek it—all should pray—not on God's account, but their own; not because prayers and religious observances are more acceptable to him than the service of the heart and life, for this he has expressly denied. And yet men think that in praying they "glorify God." At best, how low is man's conception of Deity; how poor and imperfect his utterances when he attempts to address Him!

There is an interesting legend, full of significance, of Saint Christopher, a Syrian soldier, who, on being converted from heathenism, begged that, since he never could become an adept at prayer, he

might have some active service appointed him; and was well pleased to take his station by a river, across which there was constant transit, and spend his days in carrying over it, upon his shoulders, those who were too small, or too feeble, to ford it themselves. Think you he would have rendered so acceptable a service to his master by keeping always, or chiefly, on his knees before him?

If what is termed, often in a disparaging tone, morality, had the same place and the same estimation, in the teaching of the religious guides of the people, that was given to it in the lessons that fell from the lips of Jesus, fewer men and fewer women would dare to enrol themselves, publicly, in the lists of his followers, who content themselves with calling upon his name, while they omit to do the things that he says. Fewer men who make their families wretched by a tyrannous exercise of power; fewer who drive hard bargains with the poor laboring man; fewer who are dishonest in their dealings and untrue to their word; fewer who love money more than they love their kind—nay, more than they love their own souls; fewer women whose lives are those of mere worldlings; fewer whose tempers are malignant; fewer who are prone "to take up a report against their neighbor;" fewer who are given to petty deceits and harsh judgments; fewer who are utterly self-indulgent, would assume the badge, considering themselves fully entitled to

do so, of soldiers of the cross; and heirs of the kingdom of Heaven.

I am inclined to think that the wholesale, stereotyped confessions of sins, common both in public worship and in private devotions, is adverse to truth of character. Because David was loud and earnest in self-denunciation, and Paul called himself "the chief of sinners," Christians seem to feel themselves bound to adopt a similar style of expression. The sins of David being those of a semi-barbarian, whose lusts led him to the commission of cruelty, were such as could not fail to overwhelm him with a sense of bitter shame and remorse, whenever the better part of his nature, really spiritual and exalted, was predominant.

Paul was a persecutor of a vehement nature, whose fanatical zeal probably transformed him, for the time being, into a demon; and when, after his conversion, he contrasted the spirit which he had been manifesting, with that inculcated by the Gospel of Christ, he may really have regarded himself as the chief of sinners.

But it is probably true of a very large proportion of those who are most ready to adopt the self-accusing style of the great Apostle, that they would be extremely sensitive at having any particular sin laid to their charge. In everything connected with religious rites and observances there should be *perfect* sincerity; and it would surely be better to omit

all confession, than to make it as a matter of form, or without a distinct consciousness of special sins.

As David confesses and deplores his transgressions; so, also, does he speak, with satisfaction, of his right-doing; and he manifests his sincerity just as much in the one case, as in the other. It is not easy to see why, as one must suffer in proportion to his wrong-doing, he should not be made happy by the consciousness of right-doing. The expression, "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," is an Orientalism—how literally to be interpreted one may judge by reading the 18th Psalm, in which David gives thanks, after one of his deliverances from Saul, and represents God's interposition in his behalf on that occasion, under the following images: "He bowed the heavens also, and came down, and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly on the wings of the wind. At the brightness that was before him his thick clouds passed, hail-stones and coals of fire. The Lord also thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice: hail-stones and coals of fire. Yea, he sent out his arrows and scattered them, and he shot out lightnings and discomfited them. Then the channels of the waters were seen, and the foundations of the earth were discovered; at thy rebuke, O Lord; at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils."

We are a race of people so entirely different from

the Orientals in temperament, that their utterances cannot have the same meaning in our mouths as in theirs. When we adopt them in our solemn services, we use them, as they never did, literally. The Apostle says that "all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." That acts of love, of mercy, of justice—acts, in the doing of which we fulfil God's requirements, and conform ourselves to the example of Jesus—are as filthy rags, is true only in the same sense in which it is true that "the heavens are not clean in God's pure sight."

The cause of true godliness is not advanced, but much hindered, as I believe, by habits of indiscriminate confession, and extravagant self-denunciation. While no true follower of the great Master would ever use the offensive boast of the Pharisee, or fail to utter the prayer of the Publican; a good man must be as conscious, that out of the good treasure of his heart proceedeth good things—as an evil man that out of the evil treasure of his heart proceedeth evil things. It is, nevertheless, true, at the same time, that the best men have the most real humility; because the higher they rise in the scale of excellence, the higher their standard becomes, and the less satisfied they are with their own spiritual attainments.

Two of the best men I ever knew, when on their death-beds, expressed themselves to the same effect; and in terms the "soberness" and sincerity of

which, I have always admired. They said that, in so far as they were conscious of having done their duty, it was a great comfort to them; and for the rest, they trusted in the mercy of God.

Anything hollow, and partaking of the nature of a sham, connected with solemn religious observances, is offensive and wicked in a heinous degree, but is it uncommon? I sometimes think that there is still much of heathenism in man's conception of deity, and in the mode of worship with which they think they "honor" him. Many years ago, a meeting, held in one of our towns by the American Board of Commissioners, was closed, as usual, I suppose, by the communion service. As the time came for this, it was announced somewhat pompously from the pulpit; that it would now be administered, and that the elements would be carried around by Governor So and so, Ex-Governor So and so, Judge So and so, etc. Not a name was mentioned, I think, that had not some title appended to it—why mentioned at all, no one could see; but it does not seem uncharitable to infer a belief on the part of the presiding clergyman, that the master of the feast was greatly honored by having such waiters at his table. This, however, was simply ridiculous and disgusting. There seems to be absolute impiety in the circumstances under which solemn vows are sometimes made. I was once present at a ceremony of

baptism, when a godfather and godmother, provided for the occasion, took the customary vows to perform certain duties towards the children then baptized, who were to depart with their parents the next day to a distant part of the country, and whom, in all probability, the god-parents would never see again. They were aware of all these circumstances; and so, also, was the officiating clergyman. Who would dare to use such mummery in any transaction with a fellow-man? Could such a solemn farce be enacted in a New England village, if proper regard were paid by parents and religious teachers to the inculcation of truth in conduct? Are occurrences of this nature infrequent, and do they not help to make a community dishonest?

Probably not a week passes in which the ceremony of baptism is not performed in many churches with great display; at which those assist, who solemnly promise, in the name of the children presented for this rite, to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world; renounce the very things sought to give prominence and importance to the occasion. Such things should not be in Christian temples; but familiarity with them seems to blind pastors as well as people to their real character. Probably no meaning or significance, whatever, is attached to the promise; it is used as a mere form of words.

A good deal of doubt may well exist as to the expediency of college prayers as now, and I believe always, instituted; which, in their practical effect, as I have often been assured, serve, chiefly, as a "roll-call." Especially is this the case in the winter season, when the student rushes, shivering, in the darkness of the early morning, from his warm bed; often with his toilet imperfectly, because very hastily, made, to a cold room, where he remains shivering; while he listens, probably, only for the amen which shall relieve him from his uncomfortable condition. A *reveillé*, with beat of drums, or other signal, would surely be better at that hour of the day; and prayers might be had later, under circumstances of comfort and convenience that would promote, rather than prevent, their proper effect. A religious observance of any sort, should be made to retain its character as strictly as possible; and care should be taken not to render it repulsive by any accompanying circumstances.

I think that even the marriage contract might be worded more carefully than it is. How can one promise to "love and honor," as if love were voluntary, and honor could be rendered whether deserved or not? And what propriety is there in a woman promising absolute, unconditional obedience to mortal man, when she cannot be sure that such obedience may not involve, in some way and upon some occasion, the violation of her con-

science, and the infliction of misery and wrong upon her family. Yet this promise, of such doubtful performance, even in possibility, is made with great solemnity.

I have not, of course, the presumption to suggest a new form, but I believe that when Christian communities are so much farther advanced as to adopt a higher standard of truth, one infinitely better will be found. At present, the best that I know is that used by the Quakers. It is as follows: "In the presence of the Lord and this assembly, I take ——— to be my husband, promising, with divine assistance, to be unto him a loving, and faithful wife, until death shall separate us." The husband makes precisely the same vow.

The question often arises, how far it is right and proper to use, or to dispense with, those conventional phrases and conventional manners that express a great deal and mean nothing; and to which there is often no correspondence in feeling; in other words, how to preserve sincerity, and avoid rudeness. One thing is certain; that those who, on the score of being true, assume the liberty of expressing freely their dislikes and disapprovals or indifference, and indulge freely in criticisms, are never willing that on the same, or any other score, the same liberty should be taken with them. So, instead of promoting the system they advocate, they only help to prove that it is utterly inex-

pedient; as well as impracticable. If they are tolerated at all, it is only on account of some striking excellences in themselves, which, however, do not secure to them half the influence they might, under other circumstances, exert for the good of those with whom they are associated. This free criticism and open censure awaken resistance, arouse all the worst parts of one's nature. It is only the still, small voice that comes from example which has the accent of persuasion. As the body is held sacred from the touch of indignity, so the spirit of man should be safe from smiting. While, therefore, we ought to avoid, carefully, a flattering, extravagant style of manner and expression in our intercourse with our fellows; kindness and courtesy should always be preserved. This could easily be done without any violation of sincerity, if all were truly Christian in character and feeling. To express thanks for an unwelcome service, pleasure at an unwelcome invitation, or at the arrival of an unwelcome visitor; to show some degree of complacence in the society of the dull and distasteful, without a sacrifice of truth, is only possible in the case of a few who love their neighbors as themselves; who can be truly glad of what gives pleasure to others, even at their own cost; and in whom the errors, failings, and littlenesses of others excite no feeling so strong as compassion and a desire to do them good.

The uncle before alluded to, whose probable seat in a party was by the side of the most unattractive lady, though a man of brilliant social talents, was always sure to look after those whom he thought others would neglect; whether in the drawing-room, by the way-side, or in life's humble retreats.

I would inculcate upon the young three rules in regard to social intercourse, as follows:

First—Never express or manifest more pleasure or more liking than you really feel, in order that your own love of approbation may be gratified, your own popularity promoted.

Second—Let there be no want of correspondence between your *manners* to others; and your *utterance* in regard to them.

Third—Practice a true Christian courtesy to all men, under all circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV.

DAYS OF MOURNING.

You may be surprised to see a chapter with this title. But must not such days surely come to every human creature whose existence is "bound" up in the same "bundle of life" with that of other mortal beings? And is there not a right and a wrong, a wise and a foolish, a rational and an irrational, way of spending them? Has not grief, like everything else, its uses and its abuses? And do not these depend upon the spirit with which it is received, and the manner in which it is entertained?

I do not suppose that there are many rebellious mourners—I should hardly know what counsel to give to such a class. The phrase implies a condition of mind, when reason, if not actually dethroned, is so entirely set aside, that it is incapable of argument. But there is often a very imperfect state of submission—and grief from the loss of friends, instead of arousing the sufferer, as it should do, to a better, a more active performance of duty, is made an excuse for neglect of it, a plea for selfishness

and indolence. Its guise is as varied as are the phases of human character. In some it is meek and gentle, patient and full of tenderness, quiet, unobtrusive, uncomplaining. In others it is arrogant and exacting—a perpetual challenger of sympathy, and a claimant for especial consideration, as for one upon whom is laid a burden greater than was ever borne before, or who has a rare capacity for suffering. With some, it is silent, reserved, forbidding, irresponsive; with others it is genial, tender, kindly, grateful for sympathy. To some it is a heart-opener; to others, a shutter up of the heart. In some cases it pours forth its lamentations as if, in the loss of one blessing, all that remained were entirely forgotten; in others, it utters, in touching tremulous accents, its acknowledgment of mercies still vouchsafed.

To some it is always a demon, a spirit of evil influence, and dreaded aspect; to others, it becomes a dear, cherished companion, with whom they hold sweet and hallowed converse; a high and holy communion. To some it brings fetters and clogs, to others freedom and inspiration. Some it holds to the earth, others it lifts towards the skies. In companionship with it, some hear a perpetual funeral march, while others catch the sound of holy anthems; and their ears are not insensible to the music of nature, or to a child's accents of joy.

Whoever, that has a living heart and a living

soul, loses a friend in any one of the nearest relations in life, goes through an experience which reveals to him much that he never knew before, both within and without himself. In his extremity he is in a peculiar manner brought, as it were, face to face with himself, and with his Maker. He is in a wilderness, wrestling with a terrible unknown power; and fortunate, when he lays his head to rest on a pillow of stone, if he can see in his dreams, a ladder reaching to heaven, with angels ascending and descending. His spirit withdraws itself into retirement, and is busy with questionings that never stirred it before. His condition is in some essential respects new and strange. There is a new earth where the lost one is not; a new heaven where he is. His own existence is changed by being abridged of a portion of itself, of that which made its life. He must learn to know this new state of things, and to adapt himself to these changes. He is, in some sort, new to himself. He finds heights and depths in his own nature never before revealed to him. He is placed in new relations both with the past and with the future; he has a more intimate and interesting communion even with outward things. This world's hold upon him is loosened; and that part of his being which makes him kindred with the heavens, asserts its predominance. His soul expands; life's boundary is enlarged from the narrow circle that before

confined it, to one extending into infinity. He has been upon the very confines of earth and time, and had a glimpse into the eternal heavens. Life is divested of all its commonness; it has no more its every-day aspect; it presents itself on its mysterious, incomprehensible side, and is felt, chiefly, through its affinities with the spiritual and invisible.

Suffering is a badge of dignity—while, at the same time, it is the one universal bond, "the electric chain" of human brotherhood. It should not, therefore, sever one from his kind. That, certainly, is not its natural or legitimate office—its proper ultimate effect. It is true that the bowed soul cannot always uplift itself at once; that its condition for a time may be like that of an unmasted vessel which cannot be trimmed. Especially is this the case where the stroke is sudden as well as violent; so that for the time, both mind and body are weakened by it. It is also true that grief makes withdrawal from general society imperative for a time. The stricken soul cannot bear the noise, observances, and bustle of the world, any more than the invalid can dispense, in the sick room, with quiet and stillness, and all restraint imposed by the presence of other than his ordinary attendants. There is something sacred in grief which demands a sanctuary—nay, which makes one of the mourner's dwelling, and places one about him wherever he may be. And still, it is not in its

proper character, selfish; it is not deaf to the voice of sympathy or the cry of distress. It does not refuse the offices of friendship, nor neglect the claims of humanity. Still less is it indifferent to the calls of duty. When it is finest, it touches the heart to its finest issues; and is, in no sense, an obstruction. It is not very uncommon, since there are found people unreasonable, under all circumstances, to hear a bereaved woman bewailing herself as if life had nothing left for her; and even expressing that conviction when *one* of her treasures is taken. This always makes me shudder inwardly, though I have no clear belief in what are called, technically, judgments. If any one of those remaining, were to be subsequently taken from her, the same strain of lamentation would be repeated. Though she be the converse of a Niobe, I almost listen for the whirring of the next arrow.

Some natures, indeed, seek to find relief from the pressure of a heavy affliction, in intense activity; and in living, as much as possible, out of themselves, and for others. This is true, heavenly wisdom. I knew a noble woman who devoted herself, some two or three years, to her husband, during a period when he lost his reason, partially recovered it, was smitten with paralysis, until he was gradually shorn of *all* his powers, and died after six weeks of unconsciousness. The Apostle's list of trials and endurances

scarcely contains a more formidable enumeration than that which made up the record of her daily life. There was first the story of boundless wealth to be listened to, and plans and proposals arising from a full belief in it, to be thwarted. There were the excitement and restlessness, attending this belief, to be managed, and restrained, if possible. Sleep departed very nearly from the sufferer; and whole nights were sometimes spent in walking with him. Then came the reaction—the opposite state of fearful depression—almost despair. There were painful separations, and painful reunions, under circumstances of difficulty and uncertainty. Day after day was spent for months in reading aloud on subjects interesting only to the poor sufferer, until it became quite a severe physical labor. There were journeys accomplished with difficulty, in the course of which emergencies occurred that taxed all the ingenuity, all the moral courage, and all the generous self-devotion of this incomparable nurse and attendant. Then came, at last, a great demand upon her physical strength, to supply its failure in him. She had long been eyes and staff to him, and she was to be also hands and feet, bone and muscle. Never was a more difficult service—never one more nobly, courageously, patiently, tenderly performed.

At length she perceived him sinking into a state of unconsciousness, from which she felt he would

never awake, and called loudly for recognition two or three times, but in vain. Then she exclaimed, in agony: "Oh, husband, do you love me?" "Immensely," was the reply, uttered with great emphasis. This was his last word, and her blessed reward. For six long weeks after this she kept her holy, unremitting watch by that couch of living death.

Think you that such a woman as this gave herself up to the selfish indulgence of her grief? After the last duties were paid to him for whom alone, almost, she had necessarily lived, for a considerable period, she said, "Now I can devote myself to my children and the poor" This was the annunciation of her plan of life; and hers became "The Mother House" of the village where she dwelt.

But who has not witnessed the spectacle of some widow, although she had manifested no remarkable conjugal devotion while her husband lived, bewailing her condition, as if no such burden of sorrow was ever laid upon another; and demeaning herself, as if it exempted, while it disqualified her, for all the ordinary duties of life.

It is a strange sentiment, entertained, not unfrequently, even by good, well-principled people, that the best tribute to a departed friend consists in gloomy, selfish isolation; in a scrupulous withdrawal from all life's ordinary intercourse—from

its courtesies and humanities; in a fixidity of remembrance that shall absorb the whole soul, making it inattentive to everything else; and in grief most carefully and pertinaciously cherished. Is it not a far better and more worthy tribute, to make the sad event of temporary separation a starting-point from which to run a nobler race in the path of duty—to seek more earnestly for that higher life which will bring the mourner into better correspondence with the departed soul in its new sphere of advancement?

With this idea of propriety in weeds, there often mingles much that is purely conventional, and therefore very displeasing, not to use a harsher term. At one period of my life, two ladies who lived in my vicinity, and were near neighbors to each other, were made widows about the same time. After a proper interval, I called upon one of them, whom I knew. The other, whose condition was particularly trying and friendless, had a child very ill at the time. I asked my acquaintance how it was; and she replied, with a look evidently intended to convey the impossibility of her meddling with other people's sorrows when her own pressed so heavily, "I don't know anything about it." Now, I think that this woman's loss, though it may have been felt severely at some points, had never touched her heart.

Another incident, that occurred under my ob-

servation, was the following: An aged lady, on the verge of eighty years, residing in New England, made a journey to a town in the distant West, where lived the daughter of a much-loved cousin and intimate friend, long since dead, whom, for her mother's sake, she wished particularly to see. But the lady, who knew of her presence in the place, could not call upon her, and did not, because her husband had died six months before! It seems to me a degradation to a man's memory to have such a contemptible triviality considered as an appropriate tribute to it. To have required anything of a corresponding nature, out of respect to him, during his life, would have proved him a low-minded man.

Genuine grief needs to have no insignia devised for it—no *modus operandi* prescribed. It is like the genuine wine, that needs no bush. Like everything else that is real, it acts in and of itself, and finds its own best modes of manifestation.

Conventional mourning was no doubt originally contrived for the purpose of substituting proprieties and decorums in place of the natural indications of sorrow, where that did not really exist Apropos to a lady I heard of, who, without any reserve, gave as a reason for transferring herself, in the winter, from a country home to a crowded hotel in the city, that she wanted society, and, being "in black," could not pay visits.

It is sad, and almost humiliating, that the world should so establish jurisdiction over life's holy of holies, and claim a share in the disposition of that which is, or ought to be, within the veil. And yet, so powerful is the influence of custom, that conventional mourning is often used to give expression to that which is real.

Many, after a severe affliction, shut themselves up—not merely according to a conventional rule, but from the great effort necessary to go forth, even for a solitary walk or drive. But this is not right; for sorrow is very unfavorable to health, on which, therefore, particular care should be bestowed. The effort should be made; and, like all efforts in a good direction, will have its reward. For, besides its benefit, as a sanitary measure; next to religious faith and hope, and the sympathy of friends, there is nothing more grateful, more soothing, more elevating, to the sorrowing heart, than communion with our mother nature. There are moods, indeed, to which her companionship is better suited than that even of one's nearest and dearest.

Here I am reminded to warn you, that a period of partial skepticism is not an improbable consequence of a first severe bereavement. It is not universal, and it may not be frequent; but it is probably much more so than may be supposed; because there is a great absence of real freedom of

communication between man and man, and any unusual individual experience is almost sure to be concealed.

When mankind shall have become good enough, when they shall be fully infused with the spirit of human brotherhood, so that perfect love will cast out fear; then, no doubt, great benefit will be derived from mutual confidences; and persons, in circumstances of singular perplexity and trial, will cease to be dismayed with the idea that their case is entirely exceptional. Death is such a palpable event, all its accessories are so impressive to the senses—that the grave seems the natural and sure terminus of the race of man—beyond which all is vagueness, darkness, nothingness. A butterfly may come forth from a grub—but how can a living soul be developed from these poor remains. Is not the material, the only instrument of the spiritual? If other creatures, exhibiting more or less of intelligence, die forever, why not man? Of such sort are the questions perpetually arising. All this may have partly to do with the reaction that comes from the first excitement of violent grief, by which, for a little time, the sufferer is greatly sustained.

One feels that the foundations of his faith are giving way, and is dismayed at the discovery. If he be of a patient spirit, he sets himself steadfastly, if possible, to lay them over again by all the

means in his power; and perchance they may become more stable than ever. It is for this class, and many others under the various distressing exigencies of human life—that the touching petition, "Lord I believe—help thou mine unbelief," was put on record. If it is fervently uttered in word and in effort—the unbelief will surely be helped.

On the subject of a mourning dress, I have little to say. It seems to me, I confess, that a true instinct must have led to its adoption, but I may be mistaken. It may be owing to custom, only, that I regard it as fitting; and that I could not dispense with it, in my own case, without missing its shelter and protection. Like every other usage it is liable to abuse—in proof of which, it is only necessary to hear a clerk, behind the counter of a shop where mourning goods, only, are sold, recommending different "styles"—and different shades of color, to different ladies, according to a graduated scale, supposed to correspond in its descent to the gradual abbreviations in the prescribed period of mourning, and the waning of sorrow with the lapse of time; or to hear an exclamation not unfrequently made. "Oh dear, I shall never get rid of my black dress! Just as I am going to lay it aside, some one else dies. I do wish it was not the custom to wear mourning!"

CHAPTER XV.

PREJUDICE AND HARSH JUDGMENTS.

THERE are two classes of people—radicals and conservatives—or enthusiasts and their opposites, who, holding each other in mutual contempt, are, nevertheless, in the present state of society, essential to one another, and form an important part of the system of checks and balances by which God's world is kept in harmonious operation, and man's world is saved from tumbling to pieces.

The mission of the enthusiast I conceive to be, that of going beyond the proper natural line of advancement in the continual progression of society, in order to bring others up to it, if possible; while, but for this necessity—this clog, they would be in danger of irregular, lightning-like modes of proceeding, which would defeat the very ends they wished to secure. Yet, I confess that my sympathies are much more with enthusiasts, than with their antagonists.

It is difficult to bring one's mind to the necessity of so slow a progress as the world is making. It is difficult to forgive the narrowness, almost

universally characteristic of the human mind in all ages, which makes it instinctively reject every novelty in theory, practice, or opinion, whether important or insignificant in its influence, whether in regard to things trifling, or things of moment, merely because it is *new*. Puny man sits by the shore of the ocean of knowledge and says to its waves: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," until he finds that truth is as mighty in its advance, and as irresistible, as the waves of the sea at high tide; while, unlike them, it has no assignable limit.

In all probability, it was this spirit of resistance that confined Galileo in a prison, under the surveillance of the Inquisition, for asserting the revolution of the earth, the before supposed stationary centre of our system, around the sun; for, did not that luminary stand still, in opposition to its customary habits, on the day when Joshua fought with the Gibeonites; and did it not move, every day, from east to west, in the face and eyes of men? It was this spirit that raised such an opposition in the minds of his brother physicians, to Harvey's wonderful discovery of the circulation of the blood, as subjected him to hatred and persecution. It was this that made them oppose the adoption of that God-revealed remedy for a dreadful disease, vaccination. How could such a remedy exist, if they had never known it? Some

"religious" people maintained that, admitting its efficacy, it would be an impious interference with God's Providence to adopt it. Why the same objections did not apply to all remedies for diseases cannot be guessed. Human inconsistencies being out of all reason, are not susceptible of explanation.

There is still a good deal of bigotry in the world, hardly less fantastical than that of the Scottish clergyman who, after the introduction of "fanners" for winnowing grain, refused the holy communion to those of his parishioners who thus irreverently raised "the devil's wind."

Men remind one of cows in a pasture, who will not meddle with trees they are accustomed to see; but if a new one is planted within their beat, they will tear it in pieces. Another remedy for human disease, viz., animal magnetism, which has been more or less known, probably, in all ages, and is now pressing itself upon the notice of men, so that, in time, its universal adoption will become inevitable, encounters, in the medical faculty, and in men generally, the same prejudice of which I have already spoken. It is in vain to quote from actual observation and knowledge, instances of its remarkable effects. It is in vain to say, "why not, at least, investigate the subject according to the Apostle's rule"—why not "prove" it—it may cure you—it certainly will do you no harm." Any unlicensed

art of healing is not to be thought of by the educated physician; and as for patients, a large number would rather die by rule, than live by that which is apparently against it. That quacks and impostors have made lying pretences to the possession of this means of healing, is no proof against it. Were this otherwise, the whole science of medicine would be liable to condemnation on the same ground. It is a real remedy—simpler, safer, surer, more agreeable than any other.

I have been assured that when the custom was introduced into this country, from France, of including drawers, as an article in a lady's toilette, it met with as great opposition, as did, subsequently, the adoption of the Bloomer costume. It was pronounced indecent, immodest, *et cetera*; and probably, never would have prevailed against the opposition it excited, if the new garment had been an outside one. Now, it is considered essential to propriety, as well as comfort.

There is certainly no intrinsic impropriety in what is called the Bloomer costume—and there is essential fitness in it, as a dress to be worn in taking exercise. We are trammelled by the length and weight of our skirts, so that there can be neither lightness and freedom of limb, nor fleetness of foot. Less exercise can be taken than if we were allowed a proper dress to take it in; and what we get, is not nearly as refreshing as it

would be under more favorable circumstances. But this loss, and all this inconvenience and disadvantage must be submitted to, on precisely the same principle, in obedience to the same law, before alluded to, which reigns in the pasture, viz.: that things *must* remain in *statu quo*. It was said by a witty gentleman, that if women could persuade men to change dresses with them, they could, at once, have whatever rights they might choose to claim.

How many a lady, who would disdain to take the hand of an honest laborer, is content to trail her skirts so that they wipe up the secretions of his mouth, and all the filth of the pavement. Is there essential refinement in such a dress, so worn, and essential vulgarity in short skirts with pantalettes? I should prefer long skirts in the drawing room, and short skirts in the street. The best refinement is found in conjunction with the everlasting fitness of things.

A friend of mine told me that he once arrived in London on Saturday, too late to buy a "beaver;" and ventured out on Sunday with the only covering he had for his head, viz., a straw hat. He found himself directly followed by a mob of boys, hooting, pointing, and shouting "hat, hat;" so that he was obliged to return to his lodgings, and shut himself up there, the remainder of the day. The hue and cry that is often raised by grown-up children

in a community against what is contrary to established conventionalism, is equally senseless and absurd.

It is proper to pay a certain deference to custom and prejudice, when no important interest or principle is thereby compromised. It is not worth while to shock one's fellow-men unnecessarily. It is, perhaps, a part of social duty to yield to their whims and irrational preferences, when this can be done without any sacrifice of right. One must keep near to them, *en rapport* with them, in order to do them good—to exercise a due influence upon them; and receive from them, in return. A wide departure from their standard of outward life, immediately becomes a broad interval of separation—and a decided non-conformist is apt to be rejected from their sympathies altogether.

But while I would advocate a rational degree of outward conformity even to irrational and imperfect standards, I earnestly beseech you never to let custom, old belief, prescriptive faith, fetter the operations of the mind—interfere with freedom of thought or freedom of action, when that is required by your conscience, and can be exercised in conformity with man's universal right. Believe in a *habeas animum* as well as a *habeas corpus*. It is far more important to have your mind relieved from imprisonment, without just cause, than your body. In this land of comparative freedom—of the freest

institutions ever yet enjoyed by a nation—this right to the use of one's own intellect, though admitted theoretically, is denied practically, as it is elsewhere in the world. Whoever ventures openly to adopt opinions upon any subject not in accordance with popular belief—to enter into investigations upon such as have been hitherto supposed beyond the sphere of man, or to have recourse to agencies not hitherto recognized, is, like the great Enlightener, "despised and rejected of men." Be courageous, and keep your minds open for the reception of new truths. Be not afraid of investigation. Such a fear is inconsistent with a real belief in the might of truth; and unworthy of a being to whom faculties are given commensurate with the broadest fields of investigation, such as spread out into eternity.

Obey the Apostle's rule, viz., "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." Be neither credulous nor skeptical. The skeptic has often more credulity than the credulous man; but it is in a direction towards himself, and away from truth.

The mind is injured in tone, in quality, and in power, by any restraint upon its full and free exercise; while society is immensely hindered in its true advancement by these invisible fetters. With us, material prosperity has threatened to be our greatest and highest prosperity; and I believe the serious check it now receives from the present

deadly conflict in which we are engaged, is not a calamity, but a blessing.

What can be more unreasonable than to suppose that while such wonderful discoveries, and such admirable applications of them, are perpetually made in the material world; such new agencies revealed and turned to account as, in their wonder-working, seem magical as the lamp of Aladdin, or Fortunato's cap, there is to be no corresponding developement and discovery in the world of mind. Who can believe that there are not subtle psychological, as well as material, agencies, which have hitherto escaped discovery; that the wonderful attractions and affinities which bind all material things together into one system, of which material man is a part—a system in which he lives, and moves, and has his material being—have not their counterparts in the great moral system of the universe, so that every soul is kindred with Divinity, and, therefore, with every other soul; and controlled in its relations by affinities and aversions, by attractions and repulsions, as certain and uniform in their influence; as the law of gravitation, or of action and reaction.

Man, whose body is made from the earth, is held to it by a force that is within itself; his lungs are filled with its atmosphere; he is fed by what it produces; he is furnished with a loadstone from its bowels, which points him ever mysteriously to the North Star, so that, in one sense, he shall never be

"without his reckoning;" while the globe which he inhabits is kept in its position by a wonderful "balance of power," maintained in the starry kingdom.

Whence is the soul derived? What gives it its true equipoise? Where finds it its proper atmosphere? With what should it be supplied for nourishment and growth? How does it discover its guiding star? How may it always know its course? How do souls act and react upon one another, and upon the bodies which contain them? What relations have they with the unseen world? Do we know all these things? It is my belief that we have scarcely entered upon this field of investigation. How senseless, then, to write against it, "No entrance."

If man, as a material being, is connected by a direct, though invisible, line of communication with one particular star; how many such lines may there not be to connect the soul with distant spheres?

Surely, the moral Universe must have as intimate relations as the material; and far more wonderful. If it be true, and I quote from a work of high authority, "that even a feather falling, lifts the earth towards it; and that a man jumping, kicks the earth away," if it be also true, that by every utterance he creates a wave that spreads through the whole atmospheric ocean; what may not be

the effect of his words, his acts, his life, or even the breathings of his soul, on the world's moral atmosphere. What is to be learned of all this may be the work of eternity, and shall we refuse to study now?

I beseech you, keep your minds always ready for investigation on all subjects. Be not hasty in adopting new theories, new opinions; but reject nothing, simply because it is new. Be neither skeptical nor credulous. "Be as little children," for so shall ye enter the kingdom of truth, which is the kingdom of Heaven.

"Be as little children." What, precisely, did our Saviour intend by these words, for surely it concerns us much to know. I suppose, he meant to say, "be confiding, be teachable, be docile, be eager in inquiry, and hear "gladly" as "the common people" heard the great Teacher, those who know better than you, the things which they teach." It is a fact, full of significance, that it was mainly the common people who listened to Jesus. Does not this show that human wisdom, human learning, have a tendency to disqualify men for receiving the "wisdom which cometh from above." This will not always be so. It is so, now, because the learned are apt to become wise in their own conceit, and therefore self-sufficient and unteachable.

Beware of self-conceit. A strutting peacock, proudly displaying his magnificent tail, is not half

so contemptible as a conceited man, be his possessions or attainments what they may. Think of a man being akin in self-complacency to a foolish bird! The latter has a right to be "hugely satisfied" with himself, for he cannot get out of, or beyond, his plumage; THAT is his great distinction. But the man's conceit abridges his highest right, viz., that of progress, as a rational, immortal being. That it makes him ridiculous to his fellow-man, is comparatively of small consequence; it condemns him to make of himself, his own best portion. He lives upon his poor, narrow, miserable self; he knows nothing better than himself; he has nothing to give that is not part and parcel of himself; nothing to say that does not smack of himself; nothing to do that has not reference to himself; nothing to enjoy that does not, in some way, procure his own glorification. His soul is in the condition of the grub in the cocoon. His folly is that of the worshipper who shuts his eyes to all the revelations God has made of himself in his works; turns his back upon all the glories of the universe; and bows down to a little misshapen image, albeit of wood, brass, or stone. He makes an idol of himself. What an idol!

In proportion to a man's conceit, is his liability to prejudice of every sort. The word from which it is derived, as you know, means literally to judge beforehand, without examination or proof; whether

the judgment be passed upon men, events, or moral truths. But conceit is not the only element of prejudice. Self-interest, narrowness, a conservative habit of mind, a love of the quietness which belongs to a perfectly undisturbed state of things—to the *statu-quo* system, sometimes carried so far as to create a dread of the interruption consequent even upon new thoughts—ill temper, and evil passion, all have their share in producing it. Of course, I do not mean that all these elements will be found in combination in any one individual; but some one or more of them must enter into every man's prejudices.

Prejudice is most wicked, and most hurtful when brought to bear upon one's fellow-men. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" Why does not this rousing question ring in our ears perpetually? Why, if for a time it is forgotten, does it not recur to us in tones to make us quail, when we are taking, as we are all prone to do, this unhallowed liberty?

We are apt to judge our fellow-men—not only those with whom we are in daily intimate association, but those whom we see only at a distance, perchance those, also, whom we never see at all—as if we knew them in a way in which it is difficult to know ourselves; as if we could read their thoughts, search their hearts, and were acquainted with all their ways; and with the circumstances, past,

present, or anticipated, bearing upon their course of conduct. And yet, what one of us is not conscious of a secret inner chamber in his own heart, which no one enters? What one does not feel that he is not himself fully, entirely understood by those who know him most intimately, and love him best? Who is not aware that testimony in regard to traits of character of any given member of a family circle, nay, of the same family, procured from its different members, will be sure to vary in some essential particular, though honestly intended to be perfectly true. "God seeth not as man seeth," and one man sees differently from another, because he looks from a different point of view, or that his observation is more or less accurate than another's, his intellectual perception more or less acute, his moral perception more or less clear and nice. According to his own state of mind and soul, one man has a "single" eye; another sees darkly, another obscurely, another confusedly; one through a magnifying, another through a diminishing glass.

Lastly, who does not know that his own judgment of the same individuals varies with varying moods of his own mind, and varying circumstances. How uncertain, how capricious, how liable to error, then, is that human judgment, we are all perpetually pronouncing without any hesitation; without the slightest scruple or misgiving; without

heeding the earnest remonstrance of the great Master of all.

The name of the evils which come from unjust judgment is legion. One would shrink from the task of tracing them out and enumerating them, as from the toil of Ixion or Sisyphus. The first great injury, as in the case of all evil doing, is to the doer. Whatever harm we inflict, in any way, upon our neighbor, is a still greater harm done to ourselves. This habit of passing unrighteous judgments impairs truth of character, invalidates the law of love, is unfavorable to niceness of moral perception, and ministers to self-righteousness. Error has no natural association with truth, unkindness with love, or darkness with light; but it *is* natural to imagine ourselves free from the faults which we condemn in others; and to say to ourselves, whether consciously or not, in the very act of condemnation, "Stand by, for I am holier than thou." Yet, strange to say, nothing is more common than a criticism upon the very faults and infirmities for which the critic is himself remarkable. Even a drunkard will bestow it upon his intemperate neighbor.

Prejudice, like all other evils, is perpetually diffusing itself. That which exists in one mind, becomes the bane of many. Those who are under its sway, are eager to have that sway extended. They who look with an evil eye upon their fellow-

men, are desirous that others should see them in the same light. I do not mean that all are haters of their fellow-men, who commit this sin against them; but they are liable to become so, if they indulge in it habitually. I have sometimes been amazed at the vehemence and bitterness of criticism, such as one would suppose could be inspired only by personal feeling or experience, passed upon one, known only by hearsay.

In society, these harsh judgments are a fruitful source of mischief. There is no place without those "birds of the air that carry the matter."

Like everything evil, they arouse that which is evil. It is very hard to forgive an unjust judgment; it is very hard not to resent it, not to feel at enmity with its author, not to give "eye for eye and tooth for tooth." As the class of those who impose upon themselves strict moral discipline; who, by ruling their own spirits, make themselves greater than he that taketh a city, is comparatively small; they who thus "judge another" are responsible for an immense amount of wrong doing and wrong feeling on the part of those whom they so injure, by calling into activity that part of their nature that needs to be kept in continual subjugation. A sorrowing spirit and a great increase of difficulty in the hard task of self-conquest, are the least of the evils thus produced.

Many a man's, and many a woman's proper influence is interfered with, or prevented entirely, by this same cause; and thus another responsibility is incurred, of good lost to society. Loss of good, loss of harmony, loss of happiness, loss of progress, would all enter into a "plea of the case" brought by society against this class of offenders. If men were to weigh and fully comprehend their great responsibility; the momentous, ever-during consequences of what seem but trifling, insignificant words and deeds, they would hardly dare to speak or to act; and yet how rare is hesitation. *Evil done, and good prevented.* Who can measure the social space over which, in opposite directions, spreads the devastating influence of him who has this inscription upon his walls. It is one, the second part of which is the inevitable sequence of the first.

The habit of passing unfounded judgments is often formed early, through thoughtlessness, or the effect of example. Beware of it yourselves, and oh, train your children to its careful avoidance. Teach them not to pronounce judgments upon men or things of whom, or of which, they know little or nothing. This will be good for them, and for you; for the danger of not having your practice correspond with your preaching, will be a restraint upon any tendency of your own in this direction.

You can all recal in your experience, or you will have a chance to observe hereafter, perpetual examples of this social sin, of a more or less offensive type. A gentleman, of whom I knew, was for a long time the subject of severe criticism, because he never gave anything to public charities, and repeatedly refused an application for money in aid of some worthy object. After a lapse of some years, when his previous failure in business had been well-nigh forgotten, he called together his creditors, and paid every farthing which he owed them, not by a legal, but a moral obligation; for they had given him his discharge. This act of justice, of moral equity, he was enabled to perform by a long course of self-denial; the severest of which probably was practised when he refused assistance to others—since they who are just, in this wise, can hardly fail to be generous. If they love justice better than money, they will surely hold mercy far above it; and esteem nothing less, to which it is inferior in value. Justice is a higher virtue than generosity; higher in itself; higher because more difficult; less stimulated, except from within; less aided and encouraged by observation; less esteemed by the world. Doubtless, in the very society to which this gentleman belonged, men were winning praise for generosity, who neglected to pay their debts. Such, alas, are often found.

A young lady whom I once knew was addressed by an excellent man, for whom she had great respect, but whom she could not accept as a lover. With a delicacy that should characterize every woman under similar circumstances, she carefully concealed what had passed between them. Subsequently she had a period of ill-health, and permitted him, at his earnest request, and upon his assurance that he had no expectation of any change of feeling on her part, to devote himself to her in various ways, testifying a very sincere friendship on his part. When she married another, in no very long time after, she was quite bitterly accused of having flirted with her former friend.

There is a very common sin, akin to that of passing unrighteous judgments, viz., "taking up a reproach against one's neighbor." I have already spoken of the extreme inaccuracy of human testimony. If it should be cautiously taken upon all subjects whatever; it should be even jealously received, when brought to bear unfavorably upon the life or character of any man or woman. I have sometimes been greatly surprised to see even good people *lassoed*, as it were, and made to join, at least temporarily, the throng of ignorant gossips and maligners.

There is a game which well exemplifies the Protean character of any form of words whatever, whether common place, pithy with sense, or spiced

with ill-will, that is passed from mouth to mouth. Something is whispered to one of a circle, he whispers it to his neighbor, and so it goes round, until the last who receives it is required to repeat it aloud, after the original has been given out. The consequence is, invariably, a universal shout at the absence of all correspondence between the two. Would that this happened only "in play." Alas, the same thing is true in the intercourse of life. Yet how many grave, injurious accusations have no other basis than an "on dit." Never diffuse, never receive them. So you will adopt one means of placing yourself in the category of those "who will dwell in the hill of the Lord," if the inspired Psalmist is of good authority.

CHAPTER XVI.

MORAL COURAGE.

I MUST say a few supplementary words to you on the subject of moral courage, the want of which I should have enumerated among the causes, constantly in operation, that are adverse to truth, and favorable to the growth and spread of prejudice.

One of the most eminent instances of this virtue which I have had the pleasure of knowing, and for the knowledge of which I have felt truly grateful, is related in the following extract: "Towards the close of the eighteenth century, one of those political tornadoes, which occasionally visit a people struggling under the iron reign of despotism, passed over devoted Ireland. Under the mockery of judicial proceedings, multitudes of her noble-hearted sons fell victims to the rapacity of a time-serving ministry, and a corrupt and cruel court. William Sampson, then one of Ireland's proudest sons, was called upon to defend a fellow-countryman, indicted for treason and marked for destruction by the minions of power. He was alleged to be a 'United Irishman;' and this was synonymous with traitor.

"A suborned witness was produced, who swore that the prisoner had administered to him the oath required on admission to that association. An emotion of pleasure curled the lip of the presiding judge, as he recorded the testimony which he deemed sufficient to take away the life of his victim. Sampson took from the hand of the witness the paper on which was written the oath, placed himself upon the stand, and called upon the jury to hear the oath, for the taking and administering of which, they were to condemn a fellow-creature to an ignominious death.

"He read in deep, emphatic tones, 'In the name of God, I do voluntarily declare I will persevere in endeavoring to form a brotherhood of affection among Irishmen of every religious persuasion; and that I will persevere in my endeavor to obtain an *equal*, *full*, and *adequate representation* of all the people of Ireland.' Then, turning to the witness he asked, 'Is this the only oath the prisoner at the bar administered to you?' 'It is,' was the reply. 'Is the taking this oath the only ceremony required to make a United Irishman?' 'It is.' Every eye was fixed on the fearless advocate. He looked upon the court and the jury, lifted the Bible from the desk before him, raised his commanding person to its fullest height, repeated in the most solemn and impressive manner the words of the oath, pressed the sacred book to his lips, and said, 'So help me

God. I now call upon your Lordship and the jury to bear witness that I, too, am a United Irishman.' Turning to the crown lawyer, he continued, 'Mr. Attorney-General, you may file your process; there is no need for perjury in your witnesses.' This scene transpired before men, and its effect could not be prevented. The prisoner was immediately acquitted; but from that moment, Sampson was marked for sacrifice. Our country was his refuge; and, after a life of brilliant usefulness, he found in her bosom, a peaceful and honored grave."

It was not merely to save the life of a fellow-mortal, even at the risk of his own, that this noble man thus boldly took his stand upon the platform of human right and liberty; it was to utter his most earnest and solemn protest, for all time, against such a heinous violation of its first principles, as made a man amenable to a human tribunal, and liable to sentence of death, simply for obeying and carrying out some of the highest instincts of his nature. If such protests were made more frequently, the engines which carry forward society in its advancement, would not so often be liable to a reverse movement, or subject to trying, vexatious delays.

Men and women, in the ordinary course of life, are seldom called upon to exhibit moral courage so sublimely and at such great hazard. But occasions are perpetually arising which demand its

exercise, at the risk of some inconvenience, some loss of popularity, some mortification at being accounted a strange, singular, unaccountable person, some forfeiture of the good-will it is so pleasant to enjoy, some denial of the craving so natural to one's love of approbation.

And how are these occasions generally met? It is a melancholy truth that moral courage, even on a small scale, is a rare virtue. This is proved by the fact that men fall in so easily with customs which they do not approve, and even believe to be wrong; that in adopting new opinions, new theories which are frowned upon by society, they are prone to conceal them; if they have any habits, however right in themselves, which are liable to misconstruction, malicious or otherwise, the same veil is thrown over them. If they hear the good name of another, albeit a friend, attacked by a company of people among whom they are thrown, and condemnations passed that they know or believe to be unjust, how few have the courage to stem the torrent, and utter a loud disclaimer!

It is easy to see, then, that he who has this very common defect, cannot be altogether true to himself or to others. Next to God, there is no other being of whom a man should stand so much in awe as of himself. He should fear to sin against himself—to do that which shall cause his own condemnation or contempt. It is only evil deeds that

should seek the cover of darkness; evil thoughts that should court concealment. What it is right to do at all, it is right to do openly. What it is right to believe, is worthy of an open profession.

When a conscientious man does wrong, what is it but a want of moral courage that prevents him from making due acknowledgment of his error? In lieu of confession, he maintains it, perseveres in it, persuades himself, and would fain persuade others, to believe a lie. He thus exerts an evil influence, instead of doing a great good; for, little as the fact is recognized, nay, obstinately as it is denied, both in theory and practice, it is nevertheless positively true, that the acknowledgment of error, whether committed in high or low places, whether by superiors or their subordinates, whether by those who teach, or those who are taught, those who rule or those who serve, disarms hatred and opposition, subdues ill-will, promotes harmony and inspires respect; for is it not a pledge of fidelity to the "higher law" which should govern society?

The class of those who, from extreme narrowness, or strong conservative tendency of mind, oppose every new truth, is not so large as it appears, because it is greatly swelled by the timid, who, though they may have more intelligent perceptions or greater frankness, dare not openly espouse what is unpopular, and therefore, prac-

tically, they use their influence to oppose the spread of truth, and extend that of unreasonable prejudice.

A great deal both of public and private immorality remains unchecked, from the want of courage to protest against, or rebuke it. Many a grown-up man and woman would be incapable of conduct such as I knew of, in a manly boy, only eleven years of age, who was sent from the country to a large school of boys in one of our cities. Being remarkably mature and, in many ways, attractive, his company was sought by elder boys; and two Spaniards, young men from sixteen to eighteen years of age, were often in his room. Though he liked them in other respects, their habits of profanity annoyed him very much. At length he summoned courage to say, "Gentlemen, you must be good enough to avoid profane language, or not to come to my room." They continued to be his visitors, and never again swore in his presence.

A great deal of wrong-doing is submitted to, both in public and private life, from the same cause. If there were more Sampsons—I do not mean, more like him of Gaza—there would be fewer oppressors; and one nation, so-called Christian, would not be eager to hold another in bondage more wicked than that which made toil-worn brickmakers of an ancient race, afterwards prophetled.

If there were more boys like him I have mentioned, there would be less vice and moral disorder in schools. Who, that has ever had charge of a school, does not know what a wall of rock a few, who stand up boldly for the right, present against a threatening tide of evil? and who does not also know, alas! how much more common is yielding than resistance, even on the part of those before supposed to be reliable?

In small as well as large communities, nuisances, offensive customs, violations of right, injuries, are submitted to, because no one dares lift up his voice against them. There are many who shrink from saying or from doing what may render them unpopular, because they may thus forego the chance of some object of fond pursuit—political advancement, office, emolument; the favor of men in power, the good-will of the rich and fortunate in society, etc. But a still larger class stand in a sort of instinctive fear of their fellow-men, which is less unworthy, only because it is not quite so basely selfish as that which inspires those whom they thus resemble.

No doubt, there is a certain proper respect to be paid to one's fellow-men—a certain internal desire to be held in esteem by them. But, the more a man is governed by principle, the less will he care for what men think of him; the more he strives after the approbation of God, the less will he seek the

favor of man; the more he stands in awe of God and of himself, the less he stands in awe of man. I suspect that, if, as men advance in life, they advance also in wisdom and knowledge, they become more and more indifferent as to what men say and think of them. Human verdicts, as I have shown you elsewhere, are not very reliable—not much to be heeded or valued.

Do not misapprehend me. It is, no doubt, desirable to establish, on a substantial basis, a character, a reputation if you please, for that which is "of good report." No especial pains need be taken, however, to secure this. He who deserves it, has it, as a matter of course; without, however, being necessarily exempt from cavil and criticism. But to these, a good man can afford to be insensible. Whoever leads a true, manly, Christian life, "is one of God's freemen—the truth has made him free;" not free, necessarily, from blame, misrepresentation, or persecution; but free from all the trammels that fetter the ignorant and the selfish; especially, free from the fear of man. He knows in whom he believes; and he has a consciousness of rectitude that makes him strong in the inner man; so that he is always self-sustained, and needs no propping from his neighbors. He feels himself to be *en rapport* with the wise and good of all ages; and however near, and with however unfriendly aspect, beings of another order may approach to

do him harm, he is, in one sense, at too wide a distance from them, to care for anything of evil intent that they may do or say.

Physical courage may, and very often does, exist, without moral courage; but the latter, being far the higher quality, implies, also, the lower in connection with it. It is easier to face a cannon-ball than one of the anathemas of society. It is easier to fight a duel than to bear the reputation of cowardice. It is easier to ride a dangerous animal than to be supposed wanting in horsemanship. He has a rarely brave soul, who, like Sergeant Champ, in our revolution, being loyal to the core, consents, for the sake of rendering a service to his General and his country, to assume the character, and sustain the reputation of a deserter. He is scarcely less brave, who incurs the scorn of men, rather than conform his conduct to their wicked, unhallowed ideas of "chivalry;" and there is often great heroism in an honest disclaimer of such accomplishments and qualifications as society expects of men in different positions, and under different circumstances.

Without a good share of moral courage, man cannot be true to himself, to God, or to society. Not true to himself, because he is perpetually betrayed into departures from the strict line of right—into at least passive connivance with wrong-doing and evil-speaking; into acquiescence with that which should be resisted; into the assump-

tion of false appearances; into the assertion of false motives and reasons for his conduct—all which lessens him as a man, tends to dim his moral perceptions, and makes him liable to mistake "darkness for light." Man receives himself in trust from his Maker, to be developed, enlightened, purified, exalted into a true son. Shall he make of himself merely an "eye-servant"?

He cannot be true to God; for, as he has "a soul to save," so has he "a God to glorify." We are permitted to regard the Infinite Being under the image of a father, that we may have some faint comprehension of at least one of his attributes, viz., love. Is that son true to his father who sets aside his authority and departs from his example? who diminishes, instead of promoting, his influence with his other children, and, in various ways, brings dishonor upon his name?

He cannot be true to society, because he allows himself to be pressed into the throng of those who are laggards in duty; who hinder and obstruct its true progress; who are self-seekers and evil-doers. He helps to lower the standard of human conduct —to hold up, as prizes, what a true man, who has an eye to "the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus our Lord," should reject as ignoble and worthless; to shackle truth and give wings to error; to set up images graven with vain and foolish devices, and make men incapable

of a higher worship. When men that know better do all this, their responsibility is immensely greater than that of "blind leaders of the blind."

Cultivate, therefore, this indispensable virtue, and train your children, assiduously, in its practice. The honest, voluntary confession of a fault, where punishment is not thereby avoided, makes a capital beginning of the "course."

CHAPTER XVII.

PATRIOTISM.

This is a subject which I almost fear to approach. It is too great for ordinary handling. Within the last two years the word has assumed, to Americans, at least, a broader, deeper significance than before attached to it; and that for which it stands, is exalted into a higher attribute than the ordinary virtue called by its name.

When sacrilegious hands are laid upon the holy things of the altar, a new and stronger impression of their preciousness and value is borne in upon the worshipper. He is aroused to vehement protest —quickened with holy indignation—and there mingles with his appreciation of what is thus threatened, or put in jeopardy, a feeling of tenderness—an all-embracing love—a jealous spirit of protection and defence—that makes them dearer than ever before.

If a possession that has long been quietly held without fear—without any thought but of perfect security, is suddenly assailed, and put in danger, the very necessity for guarding and defending it makes us prize it more highly, and cling to it

more fondly. Alas! that similar reasons exist why Americans should hold their country in a closer grasp of the heart than before; and put patriotism higher than ever in the scale of virtues.

"For God and our country!" Why this association? How is it that he who is truly for God, is also for his country, and *vice versa?*

Man, as an individual, is made for self-government; as a part of society he is made to be governed. God stands at the head of all society—invisible, unapproachable, but not unfelt. His government is faintly shadowed forth in a well-ordered family, at whose head are those who love and fear Him; faintly imitated by beneficent rulers. Fealty to him implies fealty to those into whose keeping he first commits us; fealty to the country wherein he has placed us. In truly serving Him, we most truly serve our country. In promoting His kingdom, the reign of Justice, Mercy, Love, and Truth, we shall best establish our country's foundation, so that nothing shall overthrow it. In obeying his word, and keeping his commandments, we shall bring into active operation that "higher law" which puts a far more effectual restraint upon evil propensities, upon all that interferes with social harmony, order and true advancement, than any check of man's devising.

Next to God, our country should be our highest ideal. It is the embodiment, to us, of his love—

his protecting care—his bounty—his provision of every sort, for our well-being. They who dwell safely and securely in it, dwell, as it were, in the bosom of God. It is the "mansion" he has provided for us here, in anticipation of that which will be "eternal in the heavens."

We are made of its dust—we are part and parcel of it; we have an identity with it which nothing can destroy, and which we cannot have with any other portion of the material universe. We are bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh. Shall we rebel against it? We are its sons and daughters. Shall we dishonor it? We owe it true heart-worship. Shall we desecrate it? In its all-embracing love and protection, it is a type of God. Shall we "curse" it, and "die?"

God gives to each nation a portion of the earth's surface. He bids them occupy it, and dwell together in brotherly love—maintain order, and consult one another's interests. He commissions them to use and enjoy all that it is capable of producing, and to extend the blessings bestowed upon them as widely as possible. The command given to Adam is repeated to them: "Increase, multiply, replenish the earth." Does he give immunity for quarrelling, dissension, disruption, in the great family, any more than in the smaller families of which it is composed? Must order, deference, obedience to authority, reign in these—and may

the members of the great family throw aside homage, restraint, whenever these are found incompatible with the working out of their own evil devices? Is not the God of families the God also of nations? While families hearken to his voice, shall the nations be deaf? While both suppose that they lend a willing ear, shall they hear differently? Shall one receive that which contradicts what is said to the other? Believe me, he who is for God, is also for his country, as well as for his family.

Nor can true patriotism be a barren sentiment. It must be cherished, cultivated until it bring forth fruit. Here, again, Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God must give the increase. True patriotism, like every other lofty virtue, is self-renouncing —is capable of mighty efforts and great sacrifices— makes no calculation of loss or gain; will not give itself in exchange for anything that is of inferior value; deals with no questions of mere expediency, and disregards all considerations of difficulty and danger. The service which it renders, though more than the most exacting despot might demand, is a free, willing service.

Will true sons and daughters do that which shall mar the grace and beauty of the family home, or destroy its order and harmony?—which shall dishonor it?—which shall make it a by-word and a reproach?—which shall unfit it to be the resort of

choice spirits, and convert it into a den of thieves? —which shall break it up, or lay it in ruins? Will they not, on the contrary, if necessary, deny themselves all other gratifications for the sake of keeping this dear home whole, and sound, and fair, in every part—safe from injury on every side—wishing, not merely to preserve it in its primitive order and beauty, but to improve and adorn it more and more?

A young man whom I knew, lost his parents when he was very young, and the homestead was sold into the hands of strangers. In after years he became prosperous, by those best of all means, industry and integrity, and wished to re-possess himself of the home of his birth. Circumstances, however, which were beyond his control, prevented his doing this, until he had become a middle-aged man. Then he effected its purchase—and, the matter being concluded, when the deed was placed in his hands, he burst into tears. The feelings that had so long swelled his heart burst forth. He had felt ill at ease, and, as it were, homeless in the world, albeit occupying a luxurious city mansion, so long as strangers were in possession of the penates who presided over his birth. The old house was antiquated in style, and completely out of repair. At an expense quite equal to that which would have been incurred in building a fine modern house, he put it in perfect order, with such improvements as

did not destroy its identity, or interfere, essentially, with its individuality. Reverent hands were laid, also, upon the grounds about it, to bless them with grace and beauty.

You may be sure that this man, so faithful to the memory and affections of his childhood, was a patriot as well; and that his patriotism was of a high order. The spirit which animated him is kindred with that which warms the heart of every true lover of his country. If all Americans were patriots, then, would not our dear country be as the garden of the Lord? Would not peace and plenty dwell in all its borders? Would not its every wilderness and solitary place blossom as the rose? Would there not be an invisible net-work binding together and securing all its moral interests, as the net-work of rivers, railroads, and canals, secures and promotes its material interests? Would not its people clasp each other by the hand in true, hearty, honest fellowship, from one end of it to the other? Would not a blessed sunlight penetrate its darkest corners? Would not strength be substituted for every weakness—grace for all that which is uncomely—soundness and stability for threatened decay in any of its parts—moral order and harmony for confusion and discord? Would not our blessed flag float over a land worthy of it; enjoying such freedom from all that enslaves the soul, as should make it truly worthy to set itself up as the repre-

sentative and champion of universal political and religious liberty?

There is but one other emblem so significant as a flag, viz.: the cross. The true worshipper bows, in solemnity, before the latter, and makes sacred vows. He strives to fill himself with the spirit of Him who died upon it. He consecrates himself afresh to this service. He renews his oath of allegiance. He seeks new strength and spirit to fulfil all the obligations imposed by that oath—to be a true soldier of the cross; willing, if necessary, in imitation of his great commander, to wear the crown of martyrdom. This is the true worshipper. The sham or the deluded worshipper also bends his knees before it, either to impose upon his fellow-men, and gain a reputation for sanctity, which may serve some temporal end; or through a servile, superstitious fear of hell, and a hope of thereby escaping eternal punishment.

So has the flag of one's country its true and its false worshippers. In the one class, the sight of it quickens and animates the sentiments of loyalty and devotion to the cause of truth and right and liberty, the cause for which the fathers of our country labored and suffered, and for which many of them sacrificed their worldly interests, many their lives; the cause which they intended this flag to protect when they adopted it as our national emblem. In the other class, it produces no emo-

tion higher than that of placid satisfaction in the consciousness that their property, their material interests are safe under its protection; and some personal selfish pride in being citizens of the great country which it represents.

Would that we had approved ourselves worthy of that flag; worthy to have it wave over our own land, and be borne over the seas as our representative in foreign lands! Would that every American who dies, deserved to have it drape his coffin. Men cannot be true patriots without being true men —they cannot be true freemen, unless the truth, God's truth, has made them free from selfishness, error, and sin. True patriotism must begin in self-government, self-renunciation—so must true democracy. He, who is not self-governed, has no proper place among freemen—he is not fit for freedom, because he does not know how to use it, and will propose to himself only unworthy, or comparatively insignificant, ends to be gained by it. The material prosperity of men, as well as of nations, is but a secondary good.

Nor, if a man is not self-governed, can he be fit to take any part in the government of his country; to give his vote for its rulers, or have any thing to do with its legislation. Is there not manifest absurdity in one being placed in authority over his fellow-men, or assisting to elevate others, who is the slave of his temper, of his prejudices, or of

blind self-interest? We are told to "keep the heart with all diligence, because that out of it are the issues of life;" life, true life for one's self, for the home to which he belongs, for the sphere in which he moves, for society and for his country.

The true American Patriot must be, not only a self-governed, but an enlightened man and Christian. There is no democracy worth the name, but a genuine Christian democracy, composed of men, who really love their kind, and recognize them as brethren; who, not only admit the right of all to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," but do every thing in their power to assist their fellow-men in turning this right to account, in procuring what it should secure to them. Whenever men arrive at a knowledge of the fact, that what one man gains at another man's cost or loss, is never a real substantial gain, and that the same thing is true of national advantages acquired upon similar conditions, a great advance will be made towards the establishment of universal Christian democracy. If once the golden rule were universally adopted and put in practice, all national and personal rivalries would immediately come to an end; monarchies, whether despotic or otherwise, would quietly disappear; and free institutions, really free, would everywhere take their place.

What is the patriotism at this moment exhibited in our "free" country? Leaving out of considera-

tion the fact that eight millions of our fellow-countrymen, either voluntarily or by compulsion, have banded themselves together as traitors, and are doing their utmost to destroy a government, which, however imperfect, is by far the best the world ever knew; under which they had lived in peaceful enjoyment of the highest privileges and greatest blessings that were ever accorded to man—of what quality is the boasted patriotism of the North? Certainly, never was a finer, grander quality exhibited, than is shown and acted out by our *real* patriots—fathers and mothers freely offering their precious sons a sacrifice, if necessary, upon the altar of their country; wives, daughters, and sisters suppressing the heaving of their hearts, while they buckle on the armor of husband, father, or brother; noble men of the working classes, voluntarily foregoing the comfort and security of most comfortable homes, and the certain means of provision for their families, to live on soldier's rations, and be subject to a soldier's fate, without the stimulus of hoped-for promotion or renown; since what "the private" does is seldom heralded; men whose worldly position is higher, leaving lucrative employments which they may never have a chance to resume; renouncing, for the time, professions or business, in which they may never have an opportunity to re-establish themselves, in order to be enrolled in our armies; young men, who were

abroad, whether on errands of business or of pleasure and improvement, hastening home for the same purpose; young men of fortune and leisure, who had, hitherto, lived only for enjoyment, regarding themselves as no longer at their own disposal, and rushing in eager obedience to their country's call; students, fresh from college and from books, stopping short in the midst of a student's career, together with others, also sons of gentlemen, not waiting for the distinction of shoulder-straps, but joining "the ranks," rather than fail to be in the battle-field; a company altogether of six hundred thousand men, who had never known want or hardship—the draft, so far anticipated, because Americans of the North revolted at the idea of any other than a voluntary service to their country, that several States have already furnished, without drafting, more than the quota required of them; hospitals erected all over the land, and stored with every provision for the comfort of the sick and wounded; noble women devoting themselves to their care, and even sometimes seeking them on the battle-field; a great sanitary commission, watching like a vigilant Providence over those for whose benefit it was called into existence, and providing for all their wants, never appealing in vain for the aid that shall keep its treasury, and its store-houses full; and receiving, in one instance, a hundred thousand dollars, the

gift of a distant sister State; busy hands at work in every village, to keep well stocked the large depôts in all our cities, of garments, and other necessaries for hospitals; eight tons of goods provided, upon a sudden call, by the city of Boston alone, between Saturday night and Monday morning, the afternoon services in the churches being suspended to allow more time for their preparations; does not all this constitute a spectacle at which angels might "rejoice?"

Never were braver men or better soldiers; never any who behaved more gloriously on the battle-field; who exhibited more touching patience in the hospital. It has been the uniform testimony of nurses, that no complaint ever reached their ears.

Why is all this effort, all this sacrifice, all this interruption to ordinary American life in the North?—free, happy, careless, secure, peaceful life. Because our men have been called upon to fight for God and their country; because we have been long delinquent, long in complicity with a deadly sin; giving to slavery all the support, all the extension that it asked. As the Jews threw their children into the arms of Moloch, and when these opened and let them fall into the fire beneath, stifled the noise of their cries with the sound of drum and trumpet; so we threw our precious

things—justice, mercy, political integrity, patriotism before this Juggernaut; clamorously crying out, "Great is the Union" of which we had made to ourselves an idol.

We could not bear to have our national prosperity interfered with, and felt ourselves bound to maintain the Union, without reference to that which could alone make it of intrinsic value. So we consented to remain a living body tied to one that was dead; and becoming more and more foul and corrupt from the contact. At length the dormant spirit of a true patriotism was awakened, and it said: "We have given enough to slavery; we will not meddle with what it has; but we will bestow no further favors upon it; it shall have no more free territory to defile. We have long worn its yoke; now we will stand up in our own freedom." Slavery replied: "Then we curse and defy you. If we cannot be your masters any longer by compromise and submission on your part, we will subdue you, if possible, by the sword." And the North accepted the challenge. The heart of the nation was aroused by a true, patriotic impulse. God grant that this may bear all before it.

We have little sympathy from other nations; none from that with which we are kindred in blood and language, except, indeed, from her

working men; who alone suffer severely from a failure of the cotton supply, consequent upon this civil war. God bless them for their noble refusal to join in a petition to the British Parliament for intervention. They know full well that the cause for which we are contending, is their cause also.

Yet this is the same England so vociferous, hitherto, in her denunciations of slavery; and her denunciations of us for being its abettors. She even gives aid to our slave-holding enemies. But we fight for God and our country; and if we are true to Him and to it, the "wrath of man shall not prevail against" us.

Alas! for the reverse of the picture we have given of Northern patriotism—men in our midst, absolute traitors, ready to betray as noble a cause as men ever lived or died for; so that, loud as was the open menace of our enemies, formidable as is their front, our hidden foes are still more to be feared—selfish men at home sympathizing with the cause of the rebels, because forsooth, the material prosperity of the country receives a severe check—men who would submit to any degradation; to complicity with any crime; to have a large portion of their fellow-men doomed to bondage in perpetuity, rather than pay a higher price for tea, coffee, cotton, or broadcloth; rather

than be taxed, even moderately; rather than have a mill wheel stopped, or a factory closed—men who make merchandise of their country's exigencies; who, when she has been robbed, stripped, threatened with bankruptcy, incurred in defence of her very existence, steal from her, defraud her, and propose to themselves nothing higher or better than to fill their pockets at her expense.

Seest thou a son secretly admitting the midnight assassin and burglar into his father's house? Pretended patriot, but traitor at heart, "Thou art the man."

Seest thou a son ready to sell his father into slavery, in order to promote his own personal and private interests? Selfish sympathizer with Southern traitors and rebels, "Thou art the man."

Seest thou a son imposing upon his father by fraudulent bargains made for his own gain, or secretly abstracting from his desk the money that in his straitened circumstances he can ill afford to lose? O mean, wretched haggler in bargains which bring gain to thee, and loss to thy country, "Thou art the man."

Alas! that there should be quartermasters who intercept and sell, on their own account, clothing and bedding contributed for the comfort of soldiers; sutlers who make them pay enormous prices for necessary articles; surgeons and nurses who inter-

cept and appropriate to their own use nice food and delicacies provided for the sick in the hospitals, or who are hard in manner, or cruel and negligent in conduct towards them; commissaries who exchange the excellent provisions furnished to the army by our Government, for inferior articles, putting the difference of value in their own pockets; officers who are indifferent to the comfort of their soldiers, and take no care of them—not treating them as men and brothers, though engaged in the same holy cause as themselves—officers who inflict barbarous punishments, who are made savage in temper and unjust in dealing by intemperance; who gamble with their men on pay-day, and win from them their hard earned wages; who sometimes reduce them to the necessity of pledging their wages before they are paid; who even take from the discharged soldier his coat and his blanket, compelling him to go without proper protection from the cold, and sell them for his own benefit.

Thank Heaven that in regard to all, or most of these classes of men, we may hope that the offenders are in the minority. These, however, are dreadful enormities. They shock our moral sense; they mortify our human pride; they make us feel that the human race is still on a very low plane of existence; they greatly abate our national self-satisfaction. We say nothing of vile political in-

triguers, who would sell, not only their country, but their own souls, for office or influence. Theirs is a den of iniquity we dare not enter. History will one day lay it open, and bring its dreadful secrets to light.

Yet with this large abatement, there is still a well, a fountain of pure patriotism in our midst, enough for perpetual diffusion in the hearts of the large mass of our people, who will never cease the cry "God and our country," until the cause of both is established. How can any one doubt that our cause is the cause of God, who believes that He is on the side of truth, and right, and liberty. Of course it is the cause of all men, and especially of all working men; of the classes among whom Christ was born. We are not fighting for ourselves only; but, if you will admit the paradox, for those against whom we fight: for our brethren here and everywhere; for the European, the Asiatic, the African. It has been said that the contest we are engaged in, is but the continuation of that in which Magna Charta was extorted from King John; and it will go on until all men are indeed brethren, dwelling together in unity of right, unity of interest, unity of good-will, unity of aspiration.

Be then good patriots yourselves, and train your children to be so. This is the best work you can do for your country, viz., help to fill it with

worthy citizens. Thus will your patriotism, indeed, bring forth fruit. Train your sons and your daughters in the knowledge of what they receive from their country, and what they therefore owe to it. Do not let them suppose that they are patriots simply because their bosoms occasionally throb with pride and joy at the sight of our flag, or at any recognition of our increasing power and greatness as a nation. Do not let your sons suppose that they can truly serve and glorify their country, if they have not that which is worthy within themselves.

No selfish man can be a true patriot, because he is incapable of any sacrifice in his country's cause. No man whose standard of life and conduct is low, can do anything to exalt it among the nations. No lover of himself can be a true lover of his country, or of anything better than himself.

It is one thing to add to our country's wealth, while filling our own purses—to increase the number of its mechanical inventions—to cover it with harvest fields—to bring forth from its bowels the riches they contain—to dot it all over with flourishing cities and villages—to bring all its parts into close connection by lines of steamboats and railroads—to multiply its shipping and extend its commerce—to make the busy hum of industry heard from one end of it to the other—to pour perpetual

contributions into its treasury, and help maintain its financial credit. It is a far higher and better thing to swell the ranks of those, its sons and daughters, who are ennobled by truth, by honor, by enlightenment, by charity, by self-negation; who will give it moral power—who will help to make it a righteous nation, worthy of all respect by the nations of the earth, and capable of fulfilling the high mission with which it has been entrusted.

THE END.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

A Talk with My Pupils, by Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, is the title of a book just published in this city by John Hopper, which we have read with great interest, and, we may as well confess, with no little profit. Mrs. Sedgwick, who for some years has been at the head of an excellent young ladies' school in Lenox, Massachusetts, gives in this work a series of counsels to her pupils on the conduct of their future lives. It is very rarely, indeed, that we meet with a work of this nature written in so interesting and attractive a manner. The various duties of life are persuasively and sometimes eloquently enforced, and the precepts given are illustrated by anecdotes drawn from the author's large experience of life, which prevent the admonitions from becoming wearisome. Every relation in which her pupils may stand to society is successively treated in the different chapters of the book, and examined in the light of the highest ethical and religious principles of action. We cannot think of a more useful farewell present that a teacher could make to a pupil than such a code of instructions for the regulation of the daily life. Those who have had the benefit of Mrs. Sedgwick's instructions will, of course, value it as one of the most expressive mementoes of her concern for their welfare; but so wise and well-considered are the counsels it inculcates, that persons of any age may read them with advantage.—William C. Bryant, *N. Y. Eve. Post.*

A Talk with my Pupils.—The wisdom of a ripe and varied experience in intercourse with the young is condensed in this suggestive and valuable work. Mrs. Sedgwick has long been known and honored as a singularly judicious teacher, and the fruits of her reflection and observation, which are here gathered up, will be regarded with additional interest by a wide circle of pupils, from the remembrance of her personal example and counsels. Under a variety of topics, as Manners, The Love of Nature, Traveling, Teaching, Marriage, Maternity, Moral Courage, and the like, she presents a series of admirable suggestions, marked by excellent sense, acute discrimination, and a fine perception of the ethical relations of life, and expressed in language of no ordinary aptness and force. Numerous agreeable anecdotes and illustrations relieve the volume from the unusual monotony of an immediate didactic purpose, and spread flowers along the path way of instruction. As a manual of social duties, although without the formality of a strict method, few books present a stronger claim on the class of readers to whom it is specially addressed, than this collection of familiar, affectionate, and high-toned essays.—George Ripley, *N. Y. Tribune.*

A Talk with my Pupils.—In many a happy household all over the land, one of the clearest and pleasantest points of memory is the quiet little town of Lenox, among the solemn Berkshire hills. It is here, for many years, that Mrs. Charles Sedgwick has had her school for girls. Her heart still yearns toward all her scholars, both maid and matron, and she has written, under the name of "A Talk with my Pupils," a truly admirable volume of simple, sensible, thoughtful, and friendly suggestions for the life of women.

Mrs. Sedgwick's great experience and practical wisdom enable her to appreciate perfectly the proper scope of such a work, and she has made herself, in her book, the friend of many more than her pupils. In fact, she keeps in its pages the most delightful school for all of us, old grizzled loungers of both sexes, as well as the tender and docile youth around us. The book is a charming Family Manual. It understands the value of the little things which make the great differences in life, and is so a home philosophy of good morals and manners. It is as gently didactic as such a work can be, and its discourse is so enlivened by anecdotes drawn from experience, that it runs no risk of rejection as a dry ethical essay; while it is so penetrated with human sympathy, as the true secret of really fine manners, that it will not be mistaken for a treatise upon etiquette.

Doubtless, as its pages are read in those many happy homes by the husband and father, he will no longer wonder why the solemn Berkshire hills are so pleasantly remembered; while he will gladly acknowledge, what is so often forgotten, the tender, sagacious, thoughtful influence which, in moulding the girl, modeled the wife and mother. Lounger—*Harper's Weekly*.

A Talk with my Pupils is a volume of 235 pages, every paragraph of which is the pure gold of wisdom and experience. We really do not know where, in the compass of the same space, there is compressed so much valuable and attractive matter for the culture and discipline of young women, as in this modest work. It is written by one whose lifetime has been devoted to female education, and whose school has been the resort of the flower of the land in position and influence. Could her pupils do a better service to the world, or express in a truer way their gratitude for the high privileges they enjoyed at Lenox, than by some concerted action placing several thousands of this comprehensive and admirable treatise in American homes? When we have read such a work, we see and feel with keenness what the sad wants of our civilization and religion are, and how they may

be supplied. Home is the great university of life; and this reveals the capacities, dangers, duties, and joys of this primary institution. The topics are, Life's Preparatory Period; Daughters and Sisters; Relations with the Poor and Friendless; Relations with Servants; Manners; The Love of Nature; Traveling; Teaching; School Government; Marriage; Maternity; Parental Weakness and Folly; The Shams of Society; Days of Mourning; Prejudice and Harsh Judgment; Moral Courage; Patriotism. The spirit of Christianity is the life-blood of the whole, and is inwrought in every page. We hope persons of sense, who are anxious to benefit their daughters and pupils in a manner as lasting as their own minds and characters, will early secure this volume, as one of the most useful for their purpose in the whole range of educational literature. With Mrs. Sedgwick, the book is evidently a labor of love, and therefore happily and lyrically done.—*Christian Inquirer.*

A Talk with my Pupils.—This is a work calculated to do a great deal of good. Like some rich and ripe fruit, which has garnered faithfully summer's sun and winter's frost, it comes to us from a full and true experience, which has evidently grown about a good heart and a wise head. Mrs. Sedgwick has long been known as among the first and most successful instructors in New England; she has sent forth to the tasks of life very many of those who are known in their own circles of influence as the best mothers, wives, and maidens of New England. She is that which Dr. Channing placed above the greatest minister of the Gospel—a successful instructor. And this work dealing ably with most of the affairs bearing upon the Conduct of Life—Relations with the poor, with servants, Manners, Nature, Traveling, Teaching, School Government, Marriage, Maternity, &c., may well be read by the young and old with a high trust and faith.—Rev. M. D. Conway, *The Commonwealth, Boston.*

A Talk with my Pupils, by Mrs. Charles Sedgwick.

This volume needs only the name of its author to give it value. Mrs. Sedgwick has so long been a successful teacher, that words addressed to her pupils must needs be read with interest. The subjects discussed are of deep importance, and in a style most charming and attractive.

These essays, she states in her preface, are "a sort of *résumé* of oral lessons on various subjects," given from time to time to her scholars. They form a most agreeable and valuable book that will be warmly welcomed.—*Boston Paper.*

Mrs. Sedgwick's New Book.—Mrs. Charles Sedgwick's school at Lenox, Mass., has been for so many years considered a blessing, on account of the attention there paid to the physical, intellectual, and moral health of young ladies, that it is unnecessary to remind the public of its merits. It is impossible to estimate the extensive and salutary influences that have gone forth from wives and mothers thus wisely reared—influences to be transmitted by their posterity, through all coming time. Mrs. Sedgwick endeavors to converse with young people, through the medium of this little book, entitled "A Talk with My Pupils." May the circle of her readers be large. The book is full of practical wisdom, pure in its spirit, large, liberal, and kindly in its views. It is calculated to elevate the character of woman, in all the relations of life. In the chapter on "Relations with the Poor and Friendless," she holds up as an example a gentleman, who, when a colored servant had been spending a night at his house, and was going away without breakfast, ran out to the stage to carry her a cup of coffee. Those who were acquainted with her large-hearted husband, at once recognize him in this incident. It may seem a trifle; but such trifles indicate the moral staple of character. Mr. Charles Sedgwick was of that rare type of character, a truly Christian Democrat, practically, as well as theoretically.

There is a noble and animating chapter on "Patriotism;" and the words come with weight from a widowed mother, whose only son died of a wound received at the battle of Antietam. In a letter to a friend, she says: "I have lost the only arm left for me to lean upon, by maternal right. I am sorely bereaved; but I did not grudge the sacrifice of my dear Willie in such a cause; nor would I have had it less costly." Can a nation be otherwise than saved when it has produced such mothers?—*Mrs. L. Maria Child—Boston Transcript.*

A Talk with My Pupils.—There are many women now fulfilling the duties of wife and mother in our land, or taking conspicuous positions in social life, who trace the first true development of their minds and hearts to the influence of this distinguished and revered teacher's (Mrs. Sedgwick) school,—a school where the young girl was taught to think and act naturally, and love what is truly noble and good,—not subjected to the superficial routine of a so-called "Boarding School," but enjoying the daily conversation of a polished social circle and genuine family life, in addition to the studies of a school-room, where "simple truth" was the teacher's "utmost skill."—*Daily Adv.*